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DECEMBER 19, 1986

Ralph de Toledano

Lester Pearson—Spy?

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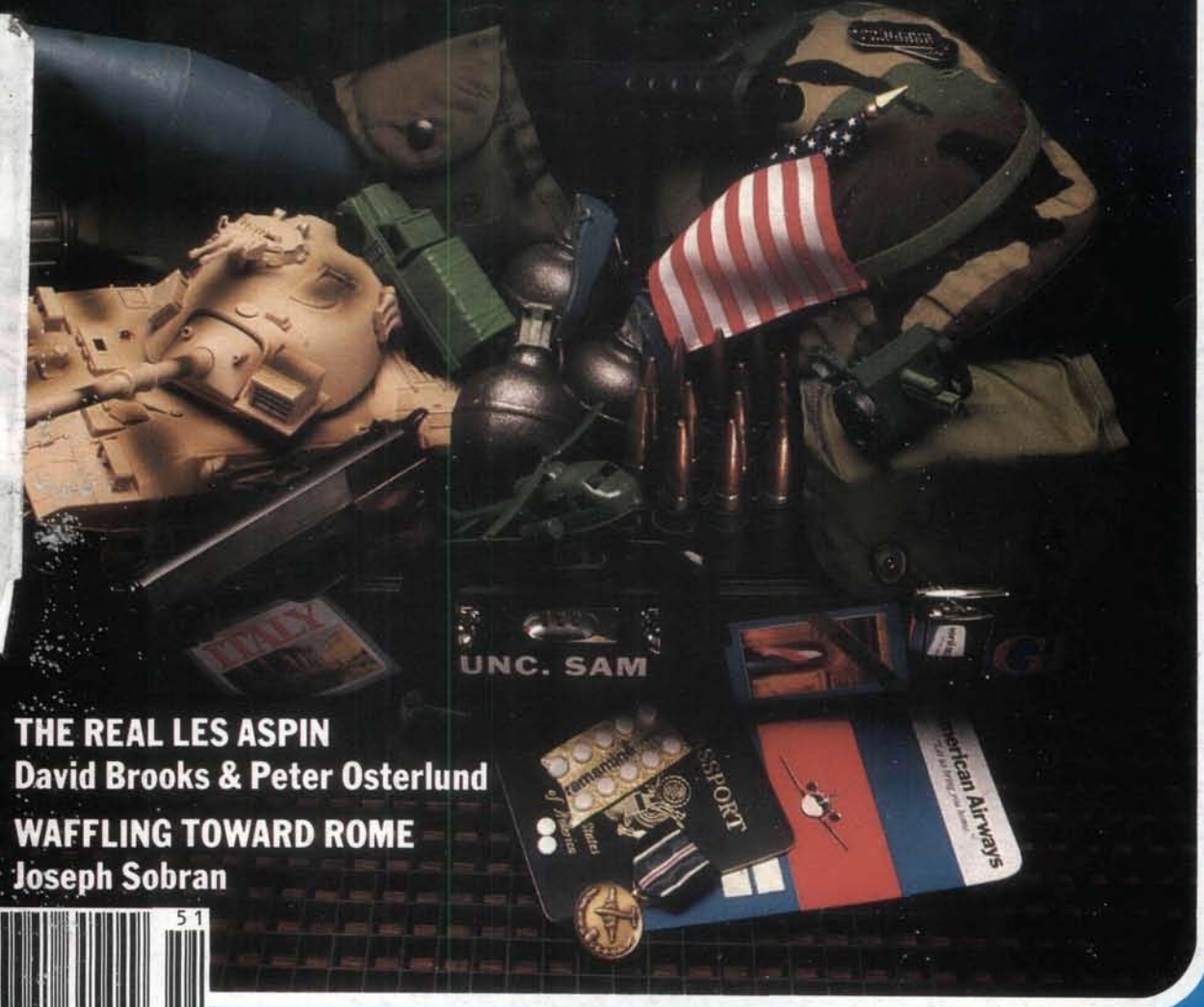
NATIONAL REVIEW

EXIT FROM NATO?

Tom Bethell • Richard Brookhiser



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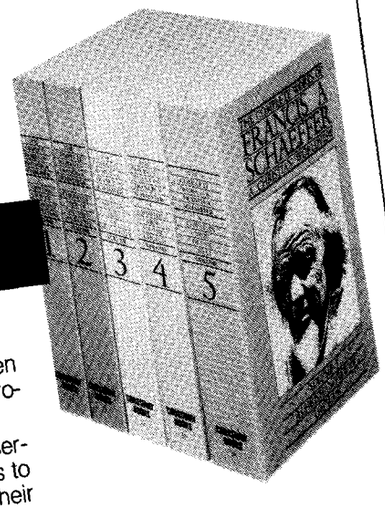

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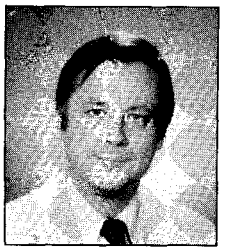
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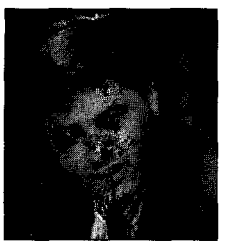
SOBRAN

EXIT FROM NATO?

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In money and manpower, Europe has the capacity to defend itself. By offering the Europeans a free ride on defense, NATO demoralizes them and spreads dissension and discord through the Western Alliance.
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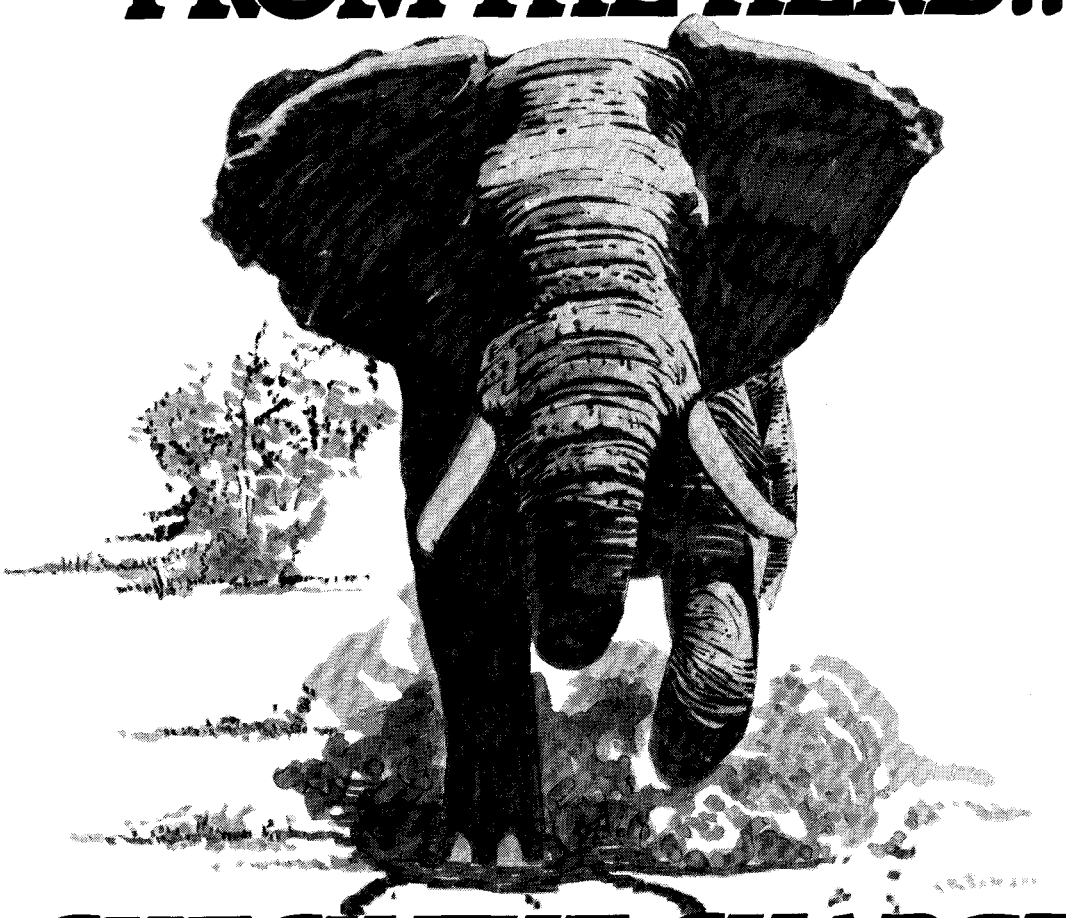

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LETTERS

Cracking Jokes

Hey, that was a pretty hip debunking of drug hype for such a self-righteously square publication ["How the Narcs Created Crack," Dec. 5]. Congratulations! But I've got some bad news for you. First of all, vials of crack are sealed with colored plastic caps, and not the kind of wine cork we see on your cover.

Second, and more seriously, needless paranoia over the issue is still prevailing. Consider a recent showing of the movie *Caddyshack* on TV. In the classic opening scene, Chevy Chase, who plays the part of Ty Webb, an ace golfer, is giving advice to Danny, a young caddy trying to figure out what he's going to do with the rest of his life. The original dialogue went as follows: "Do you do drugs, Danny?" "Every day!" "Good, good," is Chase's facetious reply—"so, what's the problem?" But in the Ed Meesified re-release for after-school TV showing, Danny's tellingly casual "Every day!" is replaced with a cowardly and unconvincing "No, no, no!" The dub was technically hackneyed, the scene distorted from a classic into a disaster. Worst of all is how the new, paranoid version ruins the decidedly anti-drug overtones of the original. By overdoing Danny's and Ty's nonchalance, the uncut version made a subtle and effective slap at treating dope like bubblegum. But the panicky censorship of our new moralists was just a joke. And not a very funny one at that.

Syd Barrett
New York, N.Y.

Frying Nunn

John McLaughlin's otherwise astute "GOP Jitters" [Nov. 7] suggests that conservatives need not fear the elevation of Senator Sam Nunn (D., Ga.) to the chairmanship of the Senate Armed Services Committee. But the day after Reykjavik, Nunn appeared on a news broadcast and mouthed the standard liberal condemnation of the President: Reagan let a golden opportunity slip away; SDI was always just a bargaining chip; it is years away and probably won't work anyway; etc.

Two facts emerge concerning Sam Nunn. The first is that he is willing to shed his defense expertise for the (supposedly) greater good of party loyalty. Secondly, Nunn has fired the opening salvo of his 1988 presidential campaign. He is beginning the process of positioning himself in direct opposition to the spirit of the Reagan era. Further shots are forthcoming.

Terrell Miller
Marietta, Ga.

Fundamentalist Requirements

I fail to understand how the freedom of Christian parents is violated by education directed at their children ["Picking and Choosing," "The Week," Nov. 21]. Freedom is more than the "American way"—it is a fundamental requirement of an individual's mind. As individuals, children must be free to discover. How is this freedom protected when parents ask that their children be "excused" from reading anti-Christian textbooks? Unfortunately, they will not be excused from facing reality.

Robert D. Davic
Kent, Ohio

My wife was a second-grade teacher when the law banishing all public-school prayer was enforced in Pennsylvania. She overcame this law by having the students sing the last stanza of "America":

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

When the superintendent heard them sing, he winked to my wife and said, "Fine—I get the message. And it's legal."

Manuel Higgins
Erie, Pa.

Practicing and Preaching

Before the Episcopal Diocese of New York discussed freedom and authority in the Catholic Church ["Let Them Be, er, Anathema," "The Week," Nov. 21], it might have looked into the problem of coercion in its own church. Those of us who favor the old prayer book find it ironic that the New York Diocese should pontificate on freedom in the Church, when closing parishes for refusal to use the new prayer book has been a part of Episcopal Church policy for the past decade. I remember a case near Plain-

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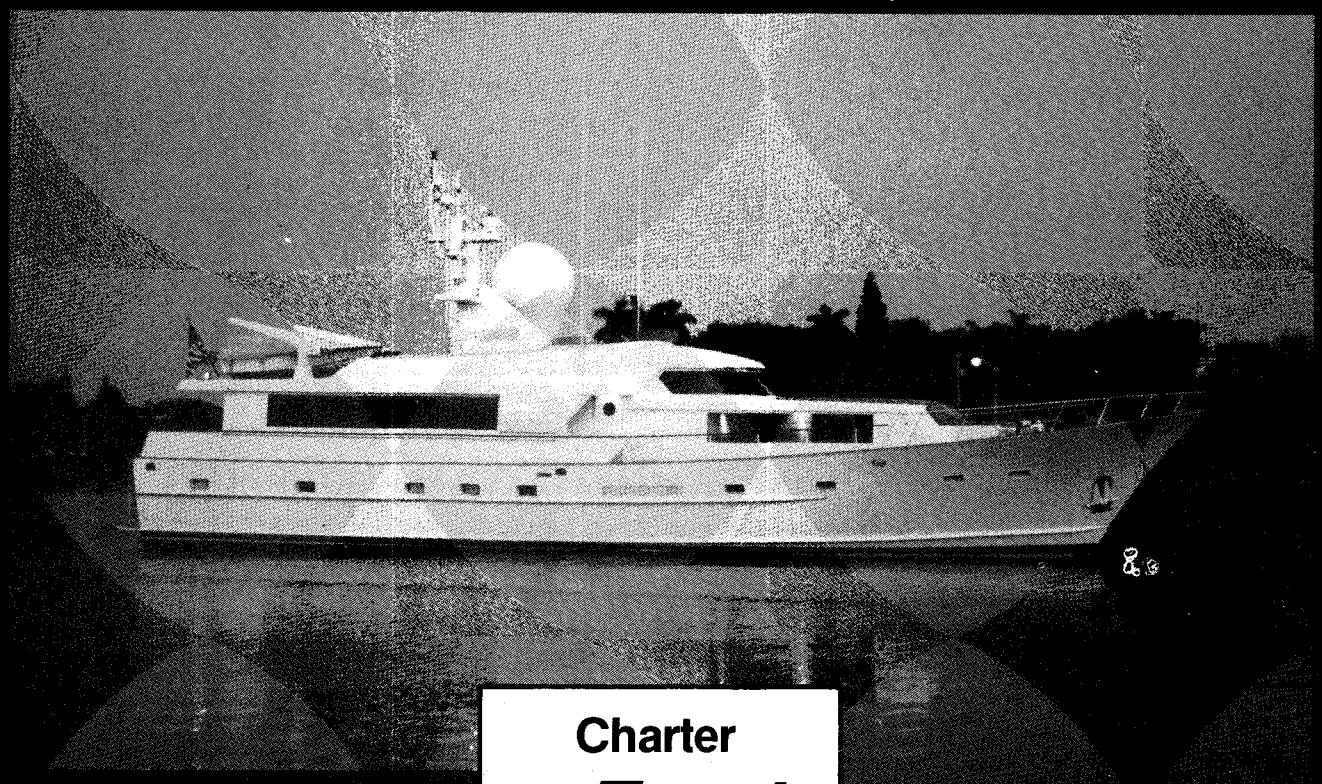

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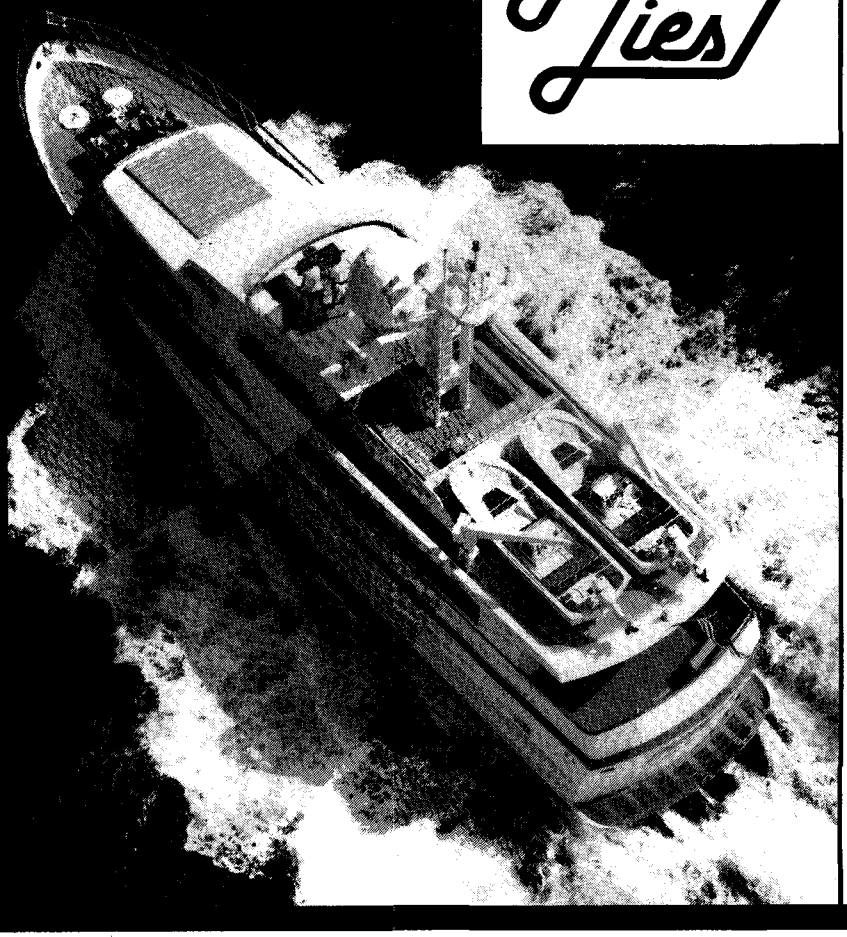

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field, New Jersey, in the late 1970s, in which the bishop had one of the churches in his diocese boarded up before Sunday services to prevent parishioners from using the old prayer book. And now the *New York Times* of October 17, 1986, reports that the Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut has filed suit to protect its control over Church property, apparently in response to the majority view in one parish that services should not be modernized. The same article mentions a similar case in Denver. So much for "diversity of expression" in the Church.

Ione Whitlock
Fanwood, N.J.

As Easy as ABC-Span

While James L. Payne has an important point to make ["Fatcats and Democrats," Nov. 21], a couple of egregious errors certainly do not help his case. First, he says that there exists no timely and easily obtained congressional vote tabulation broken down by party. What about C-Span? C-Span gives a tally of congressional votes broken down by party *as the votes take place.* In other words, obtaining the arcane data Professor Payne desires is as easy as tuning one's TV to the right channel.

Second, the phrase "malefactors of great wealth" is a slogan coined not by the Democrat Franklin Roosevelt but by the Republican Theodore. Sometimes one despairs of academicians' ever getting it right.

Michael S. Lofgren
Alexandria, Va.

Heads We Lose, Tails We Lose

I was disturbed by the recent "Daniloff Gambit" cartoon ["The Week," Oct. 24], which fell into the trap of believing that the Soviet Union is divided between hawks and doves, personified as the bellicose KGB and the sensible Mr. Gorbachev. The reality is that no action can be taken by the Soviet leadership without the approval of the KGB and the Red Army.

As I recall, Nikita Khrushchev used the same "gambit" to break off negotiations with the Kennedy Administration: He knew his hand wasn't strong enough, so he orchestrated an "external event." But factions in the monolithic Soviet state exist only in the perceptions of the West.

Lawrence Haar
Johannesburg, South Africa

For the (Track) Record

Your reference to Albanian railroad transportation ["Abroad," Nov. 7] is misleading. You say: ". . . Albania has ceased to be the only country in Europe without a railroad."

As a matter of fact, Albania built its first railroad line back in 1947. Since then, many other segments have been built, linking the country north and south, east and west. At present Albania has not just a "16-mile stretch of track," but an entire rail system in place.

You presumably meant to say that Albania has ceased to be the only country in Europe that was not linked with the European railroad system.

Professor Peter R. Prifti
San Diego, Calif.

No Feat of Clay

I must emphatically disagree with Ralph de Toledano when he criticizes ["Jazz & Pop—The Real Legacy," Oct. 24] the Smithsonian Institution for including in its new recorded anthology of American popular song "so much of Fred Astaire, whose genius lay elsewhere." Dozens of now-classic songs by Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, the Gershwins, and many others were written for and introduced by Astaire. His respect for the songs was evident in the simplicity and intelligent sensitivity of his renditions, which reveal not only a keen musicianship but a rare ability to transcend corny lyrics. (He knew, for example, how to sing Ira Gershwin's love lyrics, which are wonderful but sometimes too cute for brother George's hauntingly beautiful music.)

This may be why Irving Berlin, in praising Astaire's dancing, added, "But what was even more important to those of us who ever wrote songs for him was that he was also a great singer."

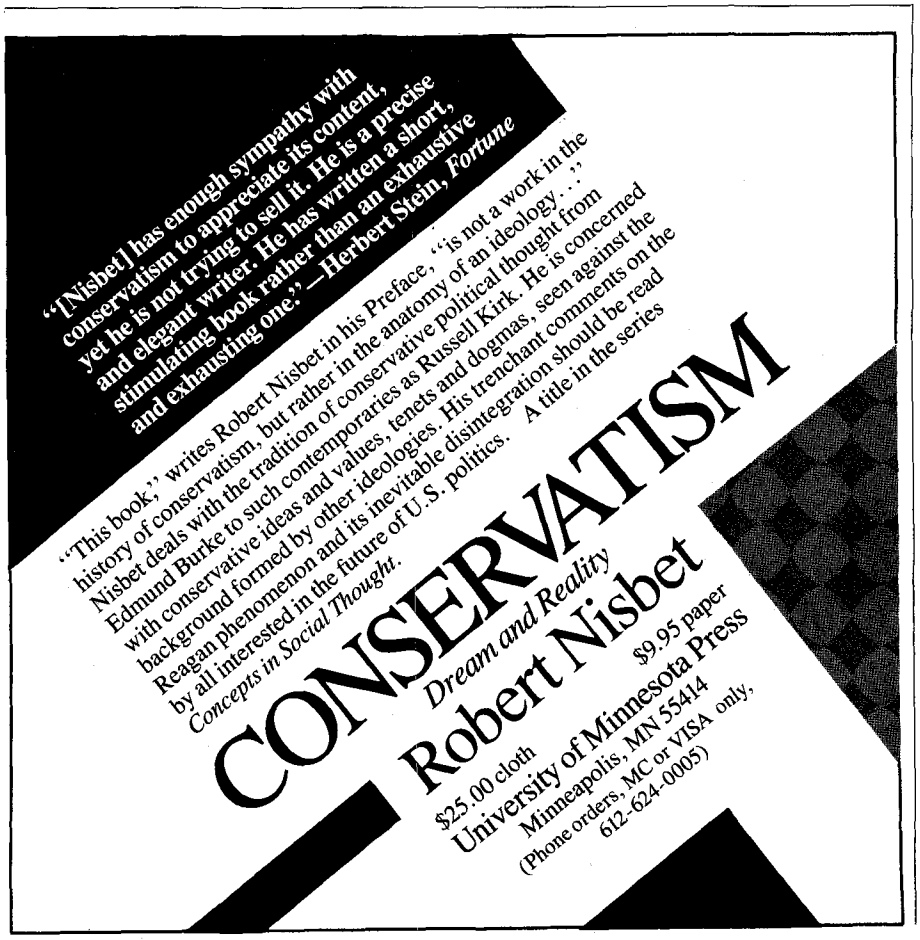
Franklin A. Jaeckle
Arlington, Va.

Blundered Numbers

Whoops, bang. How did this get by two writers and maybe some editors? William McGurn ["Welfare Queens (and Kings)," Oct. 24] quotes Melvyn Krauss as saying: "The sundry states of Western Europe, taken as an aggregate, have four times the population of the Soviet Union . . ."

According to *The World Almanac 1986* the combined population of non-Communist Europe is 352.6 million. The population of the Soviet Union is 272.5. That is only 29.4 per cent more. And if the Soviet satellites—Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland, and Rumania—are included, the total is 384.0 million, more than all non-Communist Europe combined.

Carl Charbonnet
Mountain Brook, Ala.


"[Nisbet] has enough sympathy with conservatism to appreciate its content, yet he is not trying to sell it. He is a precise and elegant writer. He has written a short, stimulating book rather than an exhaustive and exhausting one." —Herbert Stein, Fortune
"This book," writes Robert Nisbet in his Preface, "is not a work in the history of conservatism, but rather in the anatomy of an ideology. . ." Nisbet deals with the tradition of conservative political thought from Edmund Burke to such contemporaries as Russell Kirk. He is concerned with conservative ideas and values, tenets and dogmas, seen against the background formed by other ideologies. His trenchant comments on the Reagan phenomenon and its inevitable disintegration should be read by all interested in the future of U.S. politics. A title in the series Concepts in Social Thought.
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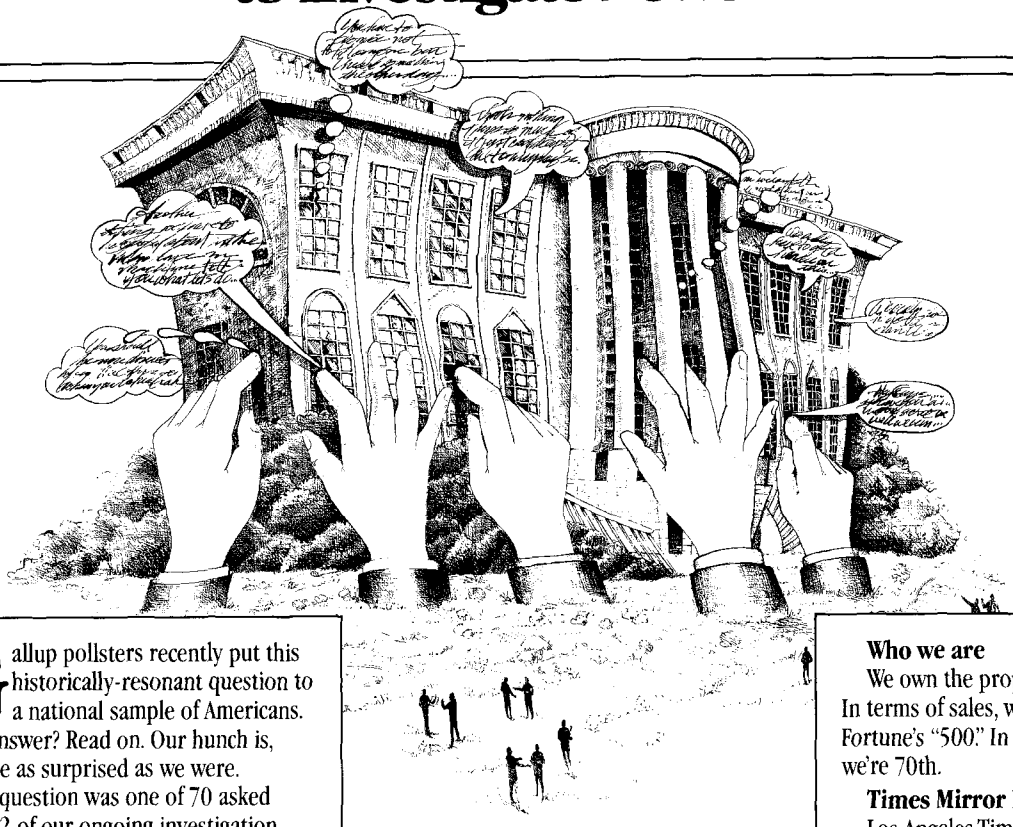
"The People & The Press," Part 2

Would you favor a special White House unit to investigate news leaks?



Gallup pollsters recently put this historically-resonant question to a national sample of Americans. Their answer? Read on. Our hunch is, you'll be as surprised as we were.

The question was one of 70 asked in Part 2 of our ongoing investigation of public attitudes toward the press. This time, Gallup focused on specific issues, including news leaks vs. national security.

And found:

- 45% of the people surveyed either don't know the term "news leak" (16%), can't define it (10%), or define it incorrectly (19%).
- Among those able to define it, 51% think news leaks "rarely compromise national security"; 41% think they "frequently threaten" it; 8% don't know.
- 44% think news leaks serve the public interest; 42% think they harm it; 14% don't know.

Government & The Press

When the entire sample was asked why they think government criticizes the press for reporting stories about national security issues...

- 39% say it's "more because the government believes the stories would harm the nation's defenses";
- 49% say it's "more because the government is trying to cover up problems with the nation's defenses."

Three-fifths (61%) say the press has the "right amount" of freedom to cover national security stories; 19% say "too much"; 17% say "not enough."

Finally, 46% would allow the Justice Department to block reports it feels threaten national security; 20% would require senior officials to take regular lie detector tests...

And 34% would favor a special White House unit to investigate news leaks.

Food for thought, we think, and cause for concern.

What do you think?

Your views will help us serve our readers and viewers better. Send them to our chairman, Robert Erburu, Times Mirror, Times Mirror Square, Suite 100, Los Angeles, CA 90053.

He's also the person to write for our annual report or a summary of "The People & The Press, Part 2." Or you can call our public affairs people at (213) 972-3946.

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Times Mirror

We're interested in what you think.

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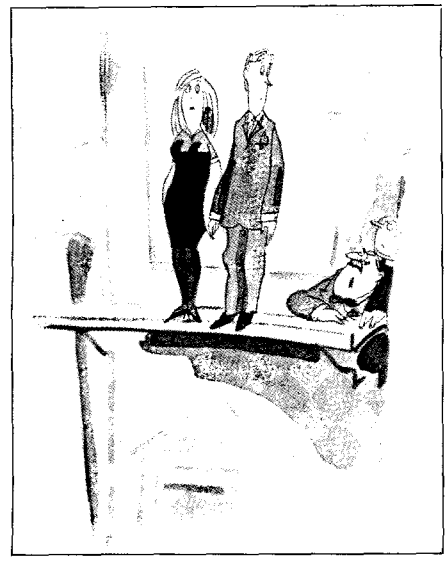
FOR THE RECORD

Like Mayor **Koch**, **Ronald Reagan** seems to be asking: "How'm I doing?" and the answer has to be: Not very well. Said the *Washington Post*'s **Lou Cannon**, the morning after the news conference: "My guess is that Reagan survives this arms-for-hostages mess because he has more credibility with Americans than does the news corps." . . . But other, more friendly witnesses are less sanguine. Former presidential speechwriter **Peggy Noonan**: "There's no joy in Mudville. Mighty Casey has struck out"; former White House political director **Ed Rollins**: "Ronald Reagan does not play well going backward"; soon-to-be-former Majority Leader **Bob Dole**: "They ought to circle the wagons—either that or let a couple of the wagons go over the cliff." . . . **Norman Ornstein**, of the American Enterprise Institute, worries that "there's no political savvy at the White House. . . . [**Donald**] **Regan** just does what the President wants." . . . Over on the Democratic side there's rejoicing. Newly re-elected Sen. **Alan Cranston** says the Contras had better watch out. Reagan's power "to move the public" has been seriously eroded, says Cranston. It will be "pretty tough" for the President, agrees Sen. **Robert Byrd**.

What have the pros learned from the '86 elections? Money will remain important, says **Fred Wertheimer** of Common Cause. "Having money makes a big difference, but it never guarantees winning." . . . Republican Sen. **Rudy Boschwitz** feels big bucks can be dangerous. We had too damn much money, he says: The opposition "was thinner in funding, so they worked harder and smarter." . . . How about negative political ads, over which there was much shaking of heads in late October? They're here to stay, says GOP pollster **Robert Teeter**, because "they work." . . . The *Washington Inquirer* says **Richard Nixon** was "shocked" that exit polls in New Hampshire showed **George Bush** with only 41 per cent presidential-preference support. Anything under 50 per cent at this time spells trouble, says former President. Other GOP exit scores: **Howard Baker** and **Jack Kemp**, 12; Bob Dole, eight. . . . Kemp is looking better with resignation of five of New Hampshire's ten Republican county chairmen, freeing them up to work for him. . . . Also, in the *Christian Science Monitor*, Ed Rollins reports that if there is slippage in Bush's support, Kemp is the Republican "who might best be able to hold together the Reagan coalition of young people, the Religious Right, and blue-collar ethnics. He also gets support from black and Jewish voters—unusual for a Republican." . . . **Mel Nasielski** of Allan-Kerrigan, a Philadelphia polling firm, finds support for both Republican front-runner Bush and Democratic front-runner **Gary Hart** "mushy." "If Bush and Hart get the nominations, this could be the first election in my memory where no one cares who wins. There's not a lot of feeling for either one," he says.

Energized by the latest UN report on Soviet atrocities in Afghanistan, the *New York Times* suggests, editorially, that Afghanistan's seat in the UN be awarded to the "legitimate resistance claimants." . . . **Babrak Karmal**—Moscow's inept stooge in Kabul, replaced as president six months ago—has resigned from all his remaining government and Communist Party posts. . . . At that recent OAS meeting, one Central American president sided with the U.S. on Nicaragua. Honduras President **José Azcona Hoyo** called on the Contadora nations to "set aside their role as friendly mediators" and put more pressure on the Sandinistas to reform their domestic policies. . . . **Lyndon Johnson**'s Attorney General **Ramsey Clark** turned up in Nicaragua a fortnight ago and had no trouble seeing President **Daniel Ortega**. **Jimmy Carter**'s Attorney General **Griffin Bell**, in Managua at same time to help in the **Hasenfus** defense, was told he couldn't see Ortega until he admitted he was on Ronald Reagan's payroll. Commented Bell: "I wish they'd tell me who's supposed to pay me so I could send them a bill." . . . Several months earlier, Clark was in Libya urging Col. **Qaddafi** to join in a suit soon to be brought (with Clark's help) against the U.S. Government by Libyans injured in the April raid. . . . **Aryeh Neier**, of Americas Watch, reports the imprisonment of five more Cuban human-rights activists in recent days. He says nearly a hundred members of the Cuban Committee for Human Rights are being held in Havana jails. . . . At the time the report was issued, **Fidel Castro** was in Moscow receiving Order of **Lenin** from **Mikhail Gorbachev**. . . . No one's perfect. Even though the law says all Rumanians over the age of 14 must vote (they sign their ballots), 228 eligible voters, of an electorate of nearly 18 million, failed to vote approval of President **Nicolae Ceausescu**'s new budget. No one was so foolish as to vote no.

Not without flair, the New York gays and lesbians who called for the "exorcism" of both **John Paul II** and Cardinal **O'Connor** in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral the other day call themselves—The Lavender Hill Mob.



ffolkes, *Punch* / Rothco

"We can afford to lose you, Preston, but Miss Farleigh is the only one who understands the word processor."

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THE WEEK

☐ Barclays Bank is pulling out of South Africa, selling its interests in that country to the Anglo American Corporation (owned by South Africans) for an estimated $300 million. The move is widely seen as a blow to the South African economy, but with long-term benefits that will eventually trickle down to South African blacks.

☐ Over the long history of the Catholic Church, its strong suit has not been economics. Steadfastly opposed to the taking of interest—"usury"—the Church flubbed the advent of early capitalism. Now, one of the signal events of recent intellectual history has been the death of the socialist idea. And what is the Church recommending, at least in its American branch? A wider statism. A less free market. The hats worn by the American bishops should be conical, with a single point at the top.

☐ Otis Bowen, Secretary of Health and Human Services, has proposed a national catastrophic-illness plan —much to the dismay, we are happy to note, of several other top Administration officials. Bowen offered no estimate of how much his proposal could cost the federal Treasury, though he admitted it could be . . . a lot, *if* a lot of people take advantage of it. (Our fearless prediction: a lot will.) Much of what Bowen recommends—tax credits and incentives for private coverage—is unexceptionable. But he also wants to expand Medicare coverage substantially. The Democrats will shortly want to expand it even more substantially, on a principle the Administration will have endorsed and can only look mean for trying to control. Great Society programs were modestly funded at first, and now look. But the last thing we expected was a new Great Society program from the Reagan Administration.

☐ The courts are throwing the book at anti-abortion protestors. In Florida, Joan Andrews got an astounding five-year sentence for "burglary" when she tried to break the electric cord on an abortion suction machine during a sit-in. The judge said that she was "unrepentant." In Falls Church, Virginia, a dozen protestors charged with trespassing got one-year sentences. Most of the sentences were partly suspended, but even the first offenders got thirty days in jail. These people should learn that if you're going to stage a sit-in, you should do it at the South African embassy. You just check in, check out, and home in time for cocktails. You don't even have to repent.

☐ According to R. J. Rummel of the University of Hawaii (quoted in the November issue of *Religion and Society Report*) 37.4 million people have died in this century's wars, while *119.4 million* have been killed by their own governments. Of the 119.4 million, Communist governments liquidated 95.2 million. Other non-democratic governments account for 23.4 million. And democracies weigh in with 0.8 million. At that, Mr. Rummel's figures are skewed: He takes the lowest estimates of killing by Communist regimes and holds democracies accountable for murders they did not actually commit (as in the case of Eastern Europeans forcibly repatriated after World War II, who were then killed by the Soviets). Yet his findings remain striking. Commissars have killed far more people than generals have.

☐ New York State is about to institute smoking restrictions that will be among the most stringent in the U.S., banning smoking in indoor sports arenas, courthouses, gymnasiums, stores and markets, banks, hospitals, movie theaters, and many other places. Offices will have to provide smoke-free zones, as will restaurants accommodating more than fifty people. Now, we do know a lot more about the harm caused by tobacco than we did a generation ago. A small minority of people are actually allergic to tobacco smoke, and

What a Mess

The klaxons keep on honking
  GaOOga! in the hall
As Regan and Poindexter,
  In blackface from the pall,
Manhandle water buckets
  To stem the smoke and stench,
While in the Oval Office,
  They're sounding like the French.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

REGARDING IRAN, the big worry is no longer Iran. It's the Special Review Board. What will it uncover about the NSC role in other sectors (not Nicaragua)? Ollie North, it will be seen, has been plying several clandestine looms over the past few years. You thought Frank Church was tough on covert activities? Wait till these capers unfold. Remember, Cato gave it to you first.

After six years of being out in the cold, Democrats are at last showing signs of understanding America's mood and desires. Trading on Reagan's "feel-good" Zeitgeist, Dems have joined that national ethos to the standard GOP strong defense policy, tossed in some demographics and economics, and come up with a back-to-the-future alternative to both voluntary military service and conscription. The Democratic Leadership Council, that vagrantly conservative rump group of the Democratic National Committee, has called for an exploration of ask-not-what-your-country-can-do-for-you options under the rubric of "national service."

Various factors have brought this issue to the forefront of policy planning, notably 1) demographic changes (an almost 25 per cent drop in 18-year-olds, from 4.1 million in 1980 to 3.2 million in 1992), 2) budget pressures in the Pentagon, and 3) the waning of a prepared combat force. Representative Dave McCurdy (D., Okla.), an activist on Armed Services, is expected to introduce national-service legislation. Sam Nunn and Gary Hart have both endorsed the plan. The Pentagon and White House oppose any draft legislation, arguing that the quality of recruits is now first rate and re-enlistment is high. McCurdy's task force, however, argues that re-enlistment has created an army of "career soldiers," leaving combat forces to face debilitating recruitment shortfalls and premature attrition. A "two-track personnel system" will complement the career soldier with the "citizen soldier," whose two-year tour of duty will keep a strong, combat-ready force at hand.

Will the same America that rejoiced in the repeal of the draft in 1973 be ready for anything resembling its resurgence 15 years later? Doubtful at best, but good politics for Democrats moving toward the center.

Although committee chairmanships are the most critical and sensitive feature of Senate control, Republicans are accepting some Democratic chairmen (like Nunn at Armed Services, Burdick at Environment, and Boren at Intelligence) with relative equanimity, as compared, say, to Teddy, who, at Labor and Human Resources, is really unnerving the GOP brethren. Kennedy will back more federal aid to schools, which the President has tried to cut back each year. In welfare reform, he will push the Dukakis workfare model so forcefully and tenaciously that when and if Reagan's welfare reform, based on the Pennsylvania job-training model, reaches the Senate, it will be Dead On Arrival. Health-care costs also will be bitterly contested: Last year, total U.S. health-care expenditures shot up 9 per cent, far outpacing Social Security's increase of 1.3 per cent. But will any costly new major legislative initiatives be passed over Ronald Reagan's veto? Probably not.

Retiring Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt may be in line for the Also-Ran of 1988 Award, joining such notables as Reubin Askew and John Connally (who have actually announced their presidential bids). Laxalt himself undermined his putative candidacy by anointing former Democrat Jim Santini as his Senate successor, thus unnecessarily making Santini's election a referendum on himself. Laxalt compounded the damage by declaring on television, "I control Nevada," a statement that not only marred his laid-back image but also got people wondering how such an almighty kingmaker could have failed to get his man elected. Anyway, Santini lost, and, by Laxalt's self-imposed criterion, so did Laxalt.

Inside the Beltway, opinion is divided as to whether "Paul blew it," or whether he had a hidden "death wish" not to run anyway, and so inflated the importance of the Santini run in order to spring his own escape. Much to Jack Kemp's concealed gratification, former Laxalt bandwagoners are now looking to him.

Assuming Laxalt does want to run, his sole remaining hope is the friendship of President Reagan. Rumors of George Shultz's resignation have been coupled with rumors of Laxalt's succession. Problem: Laxalt's libel suit against the *Sacramento Bee* will probably release a stream of casino-skimming talk about the former Nevada governor, unseemly and intolerable for a sitting or potential Secretary of State. So, with no Reagan coattails and no other major supporters, Laxalt's days as a contender appear numbered.

—CATO

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many others find it unpleasant, either in fact or on principle. But the anti-smoking movement has become fetishistic. Look, driving a car can kill you, and liquor is not so good for you, and jogging may be even worse. No one has to smoke: It's voluntary. We've gotten along with smoking since the Indians traded the leaf to Raleigh in return for the Tower of London or something. We are now witnessing paternalism run mad.

☐ When UN investigator Felix Ermacora of Austria submitted reports on human rights in Chile and Israel to the General Assembly, the Soviet Union routinely accepted his findings. He has just now issued his latest report, but it's on human rights in Afghanistan—and the Soviets suddenly find him "unqualified." So, apparently, does the UN. When the full report was released last month, a 13-page appendix detailing Soviet atrocities was omitted from all but the English translation. Cutting costs, UN officials explained.

☐ Archbishop Tutu says the right things: He calls Reagan a racist and he advocates "change." One of Tutu's rewards is expansive media coverage, and when he comes to the United States the press follows him step by step. Meanwhile, opponents of apartheid who

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also oppose sanctions are ignored. Zulu chief Gatsha Buthelezi's credentials are not phony. He leads six million blacks. His Inkhata movement is far larger than the ANC and its surrogate, the United Democratic Front. Yet his tour of this country in November has received virtually no press. (In addition to a number of speaking engagements, he had meetings with Reagan, Bush, and Shultz.) The leader of the liberal white opposition in South Africa, Colin Eglin of the Progressive Federal Party, was in New York at about the same time as Buthelezi. Eglin believes sanctions will precipitate violence. His presence was ignored as well.

☐ The Sandinistas may have been too quick on the trigger when they shot down *La Prensa*, which, shackled though it was by censorship and government harassment, was the only thing resembling a free press that Nicaragua has had in the past several years. Authoritarian regimes can tolerate criticism, totalitarian regimes cannot, so *La Prensa* had to go. But rescue is at hand. Plans are under way to set up, within Contra-held territory, a fifty-thousand-watt shortwave station powerful enough to reach all of Nicaragua, the Contra version of Radio Martí. Its director will be former *Prensa* editor Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, whose credentials cannot be faulted. It was *La Prensa*'s opposition to the Somozas and the assassination of its crusading editor, Pedro Chamorro's father, that touched off the Sandinista rebellion. Chamorro himself went into exile rather than bow to Sandinista censorship. Radio Liberación should be on the air in two months' time. Happy New Year, comrades.

☐ Armando Valladares's remarkable testimony, *Against All Hope*, includes a description of a cell in the Cuban prison called Combinado del Este: "The heat in my cubicle was stifling, since the prefab walls were lined on the inside with iron sheets and the sun fell directly on the exterior walls for hours during the day. You couldn't even touch the walls—it was like being in an oven." A man named Andrés Solares Teseiro is currently imprisoned in Combinado del Este. He began serving an eight-year sentence in 1982 for "crimes against the security of the state." Solares's parents were ardent supporters of Castro, his mother going so far as to donate the family jewels to Che Guevara early in the regime, not knowing that before long, Castro would take everyone's family jewels. Young Solares studied in London on a UN scholarship in the early 1970s. Returning to Havana, he nurtured thoughts of organizing his own political party, and was naïve enough to draft letters to President Mitterrand, Senator Kennedy, and Carlos Andrés Pérez, former president of Venezuela and secretary of the Socialist International. These letters were cited at his trial as evidence of treason. Valladares dedicated his chronicle to "the thousands of prisoners still suffering" in Castro's jails. Let's hear from Messrs. Mitterrand, Kennedy, and Pérez about the high price Castro puts on people who write to them.

☐ Abbie Hoffman is back. At the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, Hoffman (who turns fifty on November 30) led a noon rally of one hundred students to protest CIA recruitment on campus. Former First Daughter Amy Carter took a holiday from her studies at Brown to join in the festivities. A bearded, greying Hoffman then joined students in occupying a campus building for six hours, leading to the arrest of 59 people (including the old pro himself). As police began making arrests, Hoffman, with more ecstasy than accuracy, shouted: "It's 1968 out there!" Someone should tell him you just can't turn back the clock.

☐ Fellow in Colorado was arrested and handcuffed behind his back for drunk driving. But, oops, the officer left him unattended to call in a report and was amazed to see the police car disappear at high speed. The chase, at speeds up to 105, went on for sixty miles before the police could re-arrest a drunk steering with his teeth. There may be a moral to the story, but we can't think of it.

☐ The Soviets have a Samantha Smith postage stamp. They also have a flower named Samantha Smith. And a ship named Samantha Smith. And a 12,000-foot mountain in the Caucasus named Samantha Smith. This week they added an asteroid named Samantha Smith, formerly Minor Planet 3147, out there between Mars and Jupiter. We can guess what they'll rename Afghanistan when they peacefully conquer it.

☐ We're not making this up. There is a grievous shortage of toilet paper in Poland, with long lines to buy a couple of rolls, and rationing in prospect. A new use for *Pravda* springs instantly to mind.

☐ In Indianapolis, a man claiming to have AIDS was briefly held on attempted murder charges after he tried to lick a cop.

☐ We still need a National Insect, a National Garden Vegetable, a National Rock, a National Fish, a . . .

Iran: Cool It

ELSEWHERE IN THIS issue (see "On the Right," pp. 62-63) there appears a running assessment of the Iranian matter as it has developed over the past fortnight. It will no doubt develop further still over the next days and weeks (we write under the pressure of a Monday deadline, given the Thanksgiving holiday), but the conclusion at present seems to be that it was

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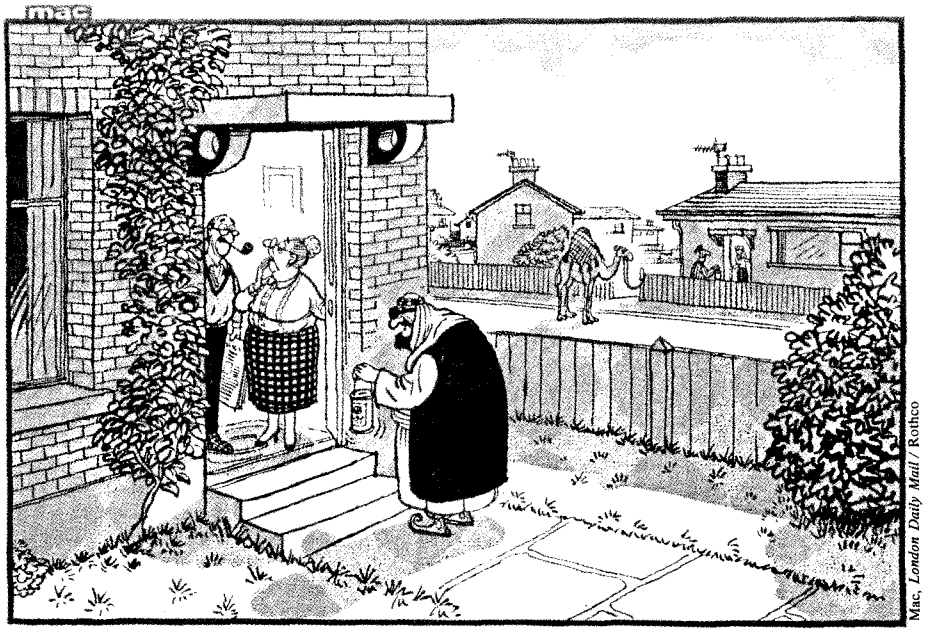

"How awful, dear! Poor Sheik Tamani has lost his job as head of OPEC."

probably a bad idea, likely to be blown by one or another extremist faction—as indeed it was—and altogether subversive of our global anti-terrorist stance.

And yet. And yet. It is also difficult to argue with John Poindexter's essay in the *Wall Street Journal* of November 24. "Managing foreign policy is rarely simple," he says—a banality, to be sure, but a banality worth remembering, and not only where Iran is concerned. Mr. Poindexter argues, without fear of contradiction, that Iran is of major strategic importance to America and the West. "Neither we nor our regional friends have an interest in Iran's disintegration. Iran is a critical geographic and strategic buffer that physically separates the Soviet Union from the Persian Gulf. No one in the area wants to see that buffer disappear. . . . The actual unraveling and disintegration of Iran is a distinct possibility as the costs of war prove increasingly ruinous to the Iranian economy." Admiral Poindexter argues that the Administration took a calculated risk in attempting to establish links with Iranian leaders who wanted more normal relations with the rest of the world. "The President believes that the strategic objectives we were pursuing and the stakes involved in Iran justified this risk."

These strategic arguments must be weighed in any serious assessment. Iran is of such immense strategic importance that it would have been foolhardy for any U.S. Administration, whatever its political leanings, to continue ignoring it, despite the risks associated with making an opening. For more than sixty years, Iran has been the principal Soviet target in the Persian Gulf region. Invoking the terms of a 1921 treaty, Soviet troops briefly occupied northern Iran following World War II, withdrawing only under pressure from President Truman. The USSR has declared the 1921 treaty still valid, despite Iranian renunciation of it, and Moscow continues to meddle inside Iran through its ties with the underground Tudeh party. It also is pursuing a long-term strategy of dismembering Iran by encouraging Baluchi separatism. Moscow's objective is to put Soviet troops—and a Soviet-controlled port—on the Persian Gulf. Iran stands in the way. Given strategic realities such as this, the Iran connection was a gamble, perhaps worth taking, or perhaps not. Hindsight is twenty-twenty.

But now we come to the present essence of the matter, much less problematical—which is to say, the political essence. This has nothing to do with Iran itself, or with global politics in general, or with the implementation of foreign policy. Forget the details: Keep your eye on the bouncing ball. The Democrats, some of them at least, will gleefully try to re-run the Watergate scenario, reliving the glory days of 1973, when bliss was it to be alive, but to be Ervin or Cox or Woodstein was very heaven. The calculated political goal will be to reduce the President's power across the board, and not only in foreign policy. Though the President carried 49 states against Mondale, the Democrats now control both Houses of Congress, and are ready to play hardball.

We can expect as many congressional investigations as ambitious committee chairmen can manage to arrange. If witnesses give what appears to be conflicting testimony, perjury will be alleged. There will be calls for a "special prosecutor" to "restore faith" in the government. There may be a struggle over whether George Bush—the "crisis manager," after all—will be permitted to testify. "Separation of powers" will be argued. People like Anthony Lewis, in permanent ecstasy, may have to resort to Valium to get to sleep. Before much time has elapsed, both Gallup and Harris will record a drop in the President's poll ratings. The Constitution will be said to be in danger.

All of this will have little to do with foreign policy, but everything to do with the budget, farm subsidies, welfare reform, protectionism, SDI, arms control, and sheer personal ambition on the part of people who look in the mirror and see there a future U.S. President. Or a congressional leader. Or a six-month media star. The piranhas believe they've spotted a cow wading in the Amazon River.

But it may not work. Remember the Marine disaster in Beirut, about as bad an operation as one can imagine. But the general public, though goaded by the media, did not rise up in righteous wrath. It saw well enough how the operation had gone sour, but it saw the whole thing against a background of uncontrollable fanatical violence in Lebanon. The public saw the

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Marines, and Reagan, as the well-intentioned victims of an impossible situation.

Steady as you go. Mr. Reagan is not without friends whose confidence he has earned.

Hamlets in the Philippines

THE LADY finally acted. After weeks of vacillating, President Corazon Aquino has sacked her defense minister, Juan Ponce Enrile, for insubordination and conspiracy. Her dismissal of Enrile was made possible by the support of the chief of staff of the armed forces, General Fidel Ramos, whose own characteristic indecision has won him the name of "Hamlet" among his soldiers.

What was paralyzing Ramos was the difficulty of deciding whether his loyalty to the government exceeded his loyalty to a close friend, General Enrile. In the event, it did, as he made clear when he ordered loyalist forces to confine rebellious troops to their quarters and to ignore all orders from the Ministry of Defense. Had he been able to make up his mind sooner, he might have spared the Philippines weeks of tension.

As for President Aquino, one decisive act led to another, as she demanded and received the resignation of her entire cabinet, leaving her free to choose which ministers to keep and which to replace. She also announced that the Communist insurgency in the countryside had seven days to negotiate a ceasefire or else the government would break off all further talks with it.

Thus did two Hamlets manage to avert a military coup, reconstitute a credible government, and call the bluff of a leftist Mafia in the jungles. Not a bad day's work. And the last item on that list is by no means least, for the other battle for the Philippines is being fought out not by the Hamlets, but in the hamlets. Hundreds of rural villages are governed at night by a shadowy insurgency whose bloodthirstiness is rivaled only by that of Cambodia's Khmer Rouge. The New People's Army, as the military arm of this insurgency is called, was growing so rapidly at the time of Mrs. Aquino's ouster of Ferdinand Marcos that some Western observers predicted it would be strong enough to defeat the Philippine armed forces in just a few years.

Mrs. Aquino's accession was a severe blow to the insurgents. But her own indecisiveness, and her regrettable naïveté with respect to the insurgency, caused legitimate concern among the Filipino military and helped precipitate Enrile's coup attempt. Mrs. Aquino's appointment of General Rafael Ileto, a respected professional and an expert in counter-insurgency, should do much to quiet those concerns. For once, the president, her defense minister, and her chief of staff are all in accord, and they are indisposed to continue playing Hamlet.

The Boesky Affair

AMID THE furor about the Boesky "insider-trading" case, some important points need to be made.

First, contrary to what the Securities and Exchange Commission claims, Ivan Boesky's main crime was not to trade on "inside information," but to trade on *stolen* information. Boesky bribed Dennis Levine, then an employee of Drexel Burnham Lambert, to give him confidential information: the names of companies that Drexel Burnham's clients planned to take over.

Second, the SEC has not accurately identified the victims of Boesky's actions. True, some shareholders who sold stock to Boesky would otherwise have been able to sell for a higher price later. The SEC has correctly labeled such people as victims, and has required Boesky to pay $50 million into a fund for them. But what about the primary victims: the clients of Drexel Burnham from whom the information was stolen? Because Levine breached their confidentiality, these firms had to pay higher prices for their targets. Yet the SEC says nothing about requiring Boesky to reimburse them. Imagine our outrage if a judge found a thief guilty of stealing televisions from company A, forced him to compensate TV retailers B, C, and D for unfair competition, but didn't force him to make restitution to company A.

Third, why should there be a law against insider trading anyway? We have no idea whether insider trading is good or bad, just as we have no idea whether stock options for management are good or bad. We don't legislate the latter. Why the former? Why not, instead, let companies that go public include a prohibition of insider trading if their original owners want to? Such a prohibition would give any seller of the stock the right to sue anyone who buys it from him, if he thinks he can prove that the buyer acted on inside information. Similarly, anyone who bought the stock would, just by buying it, agree to let himself be sued. And the company would pay for the cost of enforcing this prohibition. There is no role for government action here since the only purpose in having the prohibition is to enhance the value of the stock in the first place.

How would we handle companies that are already

I Wasn't Consulted

I haven't met a mullah yet,
  But I'd sure love to show one
My confidence extends about
  As far as I could throw one.

W. H. VON DREELE

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public? By giving them one year to have shareholders vote on whether to prohibit insider trading. We have no idea how many companies would end up with such a prohibition. Neither does the SEC; nor do those who want laws against insider trading. Which is precisely the reason for not having such laws.

Finally, whatever one thinks about insider trading, the issue of mergers and takeovers is totally separate. Insider trading will occur when people have inside information. The information can be about an impending takeover or about anything else that affects the value of the stock. Takeovers can be good for stockholders and good for the economy. But that's another story.

Is Privatization a Gimmick?

"GIMMICK," "accounting tricks," "sleight-of-hand," "budget ploys"—these are just some of the terms used by Paul Blustein, a *Wall Street Journal* reporter, to describe the Reagan Administration's plans for selling off—"privatizing"—federal assets. His argument: that although the Treasury would make a one-time gain by selling assets, it would permanently lose the income generated by those assets. Blustein even gives a table showing the one-time gain and the long-term losses for sales of three assets proposed by the Administration for the fiscal-1987 budget: the naval petroleum reserve, federal loans, and power-marketing administrations.

But the numbers for the naval petroleum reserve are incomplete, those for federal loans are suspect, and those for the power-marketing administrations show that privatizing them would be a very sound fiscal move.

Naval petroleum reserve. Blustein shows a gain of $2.9 billion, and a loss of $400 to $500 million per year. He leaves out an annual increase in tax revenues of $100 to $200 million: Private owners, unlike the Federal Government, would have to pay taxes on oil they sell.

Federal loans. Blustein shows a $2.5-billion gain, and an annual loss of $600 million. Here the loss is given only for fiscal years 1989 to 1991. Is Blustein implying that the loans would not have generated revenue in years after 1991? Unlikely, for what private buyer would pay $2.5 billion for a loan portfolio that will return only $1.8 billion in the future? More likely, the loans would continue to generate revenue after 1991. But how much? If the amount is much less than $600 million per year, selling these loans would give the government a net benefit.

Power-marketing administrations. Blustein shows a total gain in fiscal years 1989 to 1991 of $12 billion, and an annual loss after 1991 of only $300 to $400 million. But selling an asset for $12 billion that can generate an annual return of at most $400 million is sound policy. The government can avoid $12 billion worth of debt, on which it would have to pay at least $700 million a year in interest. Net gain to the taxpayers: at least $300 million a year.

The Meaning of AIDS

AIDS IS "the most serious epidemic of the past fifty years," according to a group of researchers writing in *Science*. Dr. Halfdan Mahler, head of the World Health Organization, says: "We stand nakedly in front of a very serious pandemic as mortal as any pandemic there ever has been. I don't know of any greater killer than AIDS, not to speak of its psychological, social, and economic maiming." He admits to having made a "gross underestimate" earlier, when he suspected others of exaggerating the AIDS menace.

Swedish doctors have discovered a third AIDS virus, carried by West Africans, who usually get the disease through heterosexual contact. The new strain may elude tests designed to detect the original AIDS virus in blood supplies.

The progressive voices that hailed the "sexual revolution" two decades ago now tend to pooh-pooh the idea that people's sexual behavior is any different from what it has traditionally been. In which case, we are left to wonder why all these epidemics and pandemics of diseases we only recently heard of (remember herpes?).

It is reasonable to suppose that we are now reaping the harvest of the sexual revolution, of lowered standards and constant pandering, and that there has been a great increase in forms of behavior that were formerly taboo, an increase that accounts for the exponential growth of some problems and the appearance of others that were unimagined. Pretending that AIDS is unrelated to a major shift in the moral culture is a form of hypocrisy as falsely delicate as any that was practiced in Victoria's England.

Reichstag Fire II

IN "The Ivory Foxhole" [*NR*, Nov. 7] Jeffrey Hart called attention to politically inspired lying on the part of academics and scientists who remained silent —or promulgated data they knew to be false—in the interest of a nuclear freeze, stopping SDI, or coming out right politically on the nature-nurture IQ controversy. The Fall issue of *The National Interest* contains an important article by Russell Seitz of Harvard's Center for International Affairs. Mr. Seitz uncovers another shocking scientific/academic scandal, this time perpetrated by those threatening us with the prospect of nuclear winter.

The idea of nuclear winter was invented in 1982 by anti-nuclear strategists who felt the political need to

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Trouble in Toyland?

The Swiss, who heretofore have been
Compulsively neat as a pin,
Have made a sump hole of the Rhine,
As new excretions undermine
The water Caesar liked to use
When simmering campfire stews;
And if the Swiss are in a bind,
Can Santa's gnomes be far behind?

W. H. VON DREELE

hype their cause. [See "The Scandal of Nuclear Winter," *NR*, Nov. 15, 1985.] It all started with a paper that became known as TTAPS—get it?—after the initials of its authors (Cornell's Carl Sagan is the S). In preparing this paper, the TTAPS group created a computerized "model" of what might follow from a nuclear exchange, and came up with what they intended all along—vast clouds of soot and dust that would block the sun, causing plummeting temperatures, starvation, the end of the world.

According to Seitz, this model was a fraud. To say the very least, it was based on some extraordinary assumptions. "Instead of a planet with continents and oceans, the TTAPS model postulated a featureless bone-dry billiard ball. Instead of nights and days, it postulated 24-hour sunlight at one-third strength. Instead of realistic smoke emissions, it simply dumped a ten-mile-thick soot cloud into the atmosphere instantly. The model dealt with such complications as east, west, winds, sunrise, sunset, and patchy clouds in a stunningly elegant manner—they were ignored. When later computer models incorporated these real-world elements, the flat black sky of TTAPS fell apart into a pale broken shadow that traveled less far and dissipated more quickly. One factor alone—the moderating effect of the oceans—turned out to be the source of a 200 per cent error."

Professor Sagan conducted an end run around the ordinary procedures of peer review. In April 1983, he announced his nuclear winter at a closed meeting. To his presumed surprise, his projections were not received with hysterical approval by this friendly audience. According to an MIT professor, one of the Soviet scientists present said: "You guys are fools. You can't use mathematical models like these to model perturbed states of the atmosphere. You're playing with toys." But even before the meeting took place, the Kendall Foundation had put up the money for a high-powered PR campaign conducted by Porter-Novelli of Washington, D.C. As the skepticism of the scientists mounted, the PR campaign rolled.

As usual in matters of this sort, many kept their skepticism to themselves. The Nobel-laureate physicist Freeman Dyson kept his views off the record, but they got out through a congressional aide. TTAPS, said Dyson, is "an absolutely atrocious piece of science, but I quite despair of setting the public record straight. I think I'm going to chicken out on this one: Who wants to be accused of being in favor of nuclear war?"

According to Seitz, "Most of the intellectual tools and computational power necessary to demolish TTAPS's bleak vision were already around in 1983; the will, and perhaps the courage, to utilize them was lacking. From leading scientists one heard something of a refrain: 'You know, I really don't think these guys know what they're talking about' (Nobel-laureate physicist Richard Feynman, Cal. Tech.); 'They stacked the deck' (Professor Michael McElroy, Harvard); and, after a journalist's caution against four-letter words, '"Humbug" is six' (Professor Jonathan Katz, George Washington University)." Professor George Rathjens of MIT judged that "nuclear winter is the worst example of the misrepresentation of science to the public in my memory."

But despite the fact that nuclear winter was a fraud from the start, and was widely known to be a fraud in the scientific community, it had a successful run with the general public. The anti-nuclear hucksters largely succeeded in putting one over, few whistles were blown, and the truth of Barnum's maxim was demonstrated once again.

William Bradford Huie, R I P

BILL HUIE bought *The American Mercury* from Lawrence Spivak in 1950, and lo! there appeared in America a wonderfully bright conservative monthly. Huie attracted national attention with an article called "Is Harry Truman a Liar?" in which he came up with documentation for his thesis—a thesis that, if historically wobbly (as, presumably, the Watergate crime will prove to be), nevertheless riveted attention. This was in the heated pre-convention season of 1951-52, and here and there it is alleged that that article might have proved marginally influential in persuading Truman not to run again for the Presidency.

Huie was a Southern boy, proud of it, and deeply gifted in that narrative power which is distinctive to Southern storytelling. About the same time, he wrote a novel, *The Revolt of Mamie Stover*, which in 1951 was practically the equivalent of publishing *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. He desperately needed the income, because *The American Mercury*—still riding on the reputation of H. L. Mencken, who made it famous during the Thirties—was losing money. Huie's preoccupation with keeping the magazine afloat resulted in his giving editorial control to a young intellectual who gradually (not so gradually, in fact: In three or four months the deed was done) turned it into a mild-

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ly conservative version of *Partisan Review*. This resulted in the retirement from the magazine, after three months, of the undersigned. In fairly rapid succession, what then happened was that an anti-Semitic industrialist bought the magazine; fired Huie; and hired to run it a Hearst executive to whom he gave absolute editorial control. But after a couple of years, the anti-Semitism began to creep in, the Hearst executive resigned, and pretty soon it became an anti-Semitic rag. By the mid-Fifties it had been dropped from the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, and it went off to Texas to be edited by General Walker, or whoever hadn't, that month, recited the Protocols of the Elders of Zion elsewhere.

Bill Huie faced the loss of his magazine with professional fatalism, and became a crusading liberal civil-rights writer, the dogged critic of Governor Wallace, transcriber of the heroic deeds of the civil-rights martyrs. He wrote *The Execution of Private Slovik*, the unhappy account of the only American soldier executed (at General Eisenhower's command) for desertion during the Second World War. Huie stayed in the South, in Alabama, and there wrote books, and articles, until the end. His personal charm never left him.

As a conservative, he was unschooled. But his sense of journalism persuaded him that there were folk out there unsatisfied with the orthodoxy that dominated the weekly and monthly journalism of the day. If he had succeeded in his attempt to create a vigorous conservative, anti-Communist monthly journal, it's possible that early and crucial supporters of this magazine would have asked, Why was it necessary to found another conservative journal of opinion? —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The Yale Law School has a deserved reputation for highly theoretical teaching. Its students are so little versed in the technicalities of the law that, the joke runs, they "learn no law at all."

Hence, I heard without surprise that a group of liberal law students had declared the Nicaraguan National Law School of León, Nicaragua, to be Yale's "sister school." The affiliation is entirely appropriate: They don't learn any law there, either.

Very truly yours,
Anne L. Alstott
Yale Law School
Class of 1987
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Miss Alstott: Right. Though more precisely, those who learn law don't graduate. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your review-segments of old *Firing Lines* have proved rather pleasant. (One only hopes you have not chosen patches of old dialogue that might present leftists as somewhat fumbling utopians, never strong on logic, and "traditional" figures as profound, learned, and arcane.) In any case, whatever the ideological "slant" of these distillations (and however subtle), *all* of us, of whatever hue, owe you some gratitude. How could we possibly complain? Gore Vidal never ventured such a mammoth undertaking—as to take on all comers, so to speak, over a period of years, and quietly ingratiate us to his liberalism while skillfully denigrating counterviews he subjected to an embarrassing exposure. He might well have afforded that, I think. But no such broadcasts appeared. And are there not powerful leftist states that might well have funded (sub rosa) even more dramatic—i.e., Marxist—mental jousts? Philosophically, it might have been justified as history's dialectic—electronically activated. But it never happened. Somehow, by believing passionately in free enterprise, you seized the initiative and pre-empted the field. Others, waiting for the state to intervene, or for revolution to sweep the slate clean of all bourgeois charades, were outmaneuvered. As a result, Reagan is President, the Supreme Court lurches to the right, Nicaragua and Angola are pummeled, etc.—and there's no end in sight. (I do not say that *Firing Line* has been exclusively responsible for these marvels; but you must admit it fits in marvelously well with the well-wrought conspiracies of "enterprise.")

As I say then, "thanks." I suppose your opponents deserved this outcome—in their (not always penniless) lethargy.

My only remaining hope is that, *someday*, acknowledging your incomparable victory, you'll achieve a truly rare and even *absolute* security that will enable you to needle and harass visiting conservatives (say, archbishops, frothing Cuban emigrants, and the hacking bullfrogs of "quiet diplomacy") as effectively, and effortlessly, as you drub depressed socialists and apologetic liberals. Only consider: It would immensely profit these self-assured and "solid" pharisees to have to deal with an intellectual cutthroat for a change. In America's dull ambiance of today (so different from eighteenth-century surgeons of elocution flailing away at one another, in the manner of John Randolph, for instance), these phlegmatic characters drift onto your program like beached whales stifled in rectitude—and you inevitably *leave* them in their dangerous smugness of intellect, sometimes even assuming the degrading "unmanly" role of "humble petitioner." You treat these washouts from another age as oracles, yourself as pilgrim of their besotted infinite.

I would like to see Peter Grace squirm. You could make him do it. You only need a bit more confidence still, and wider reading in the classics of the Enlight-

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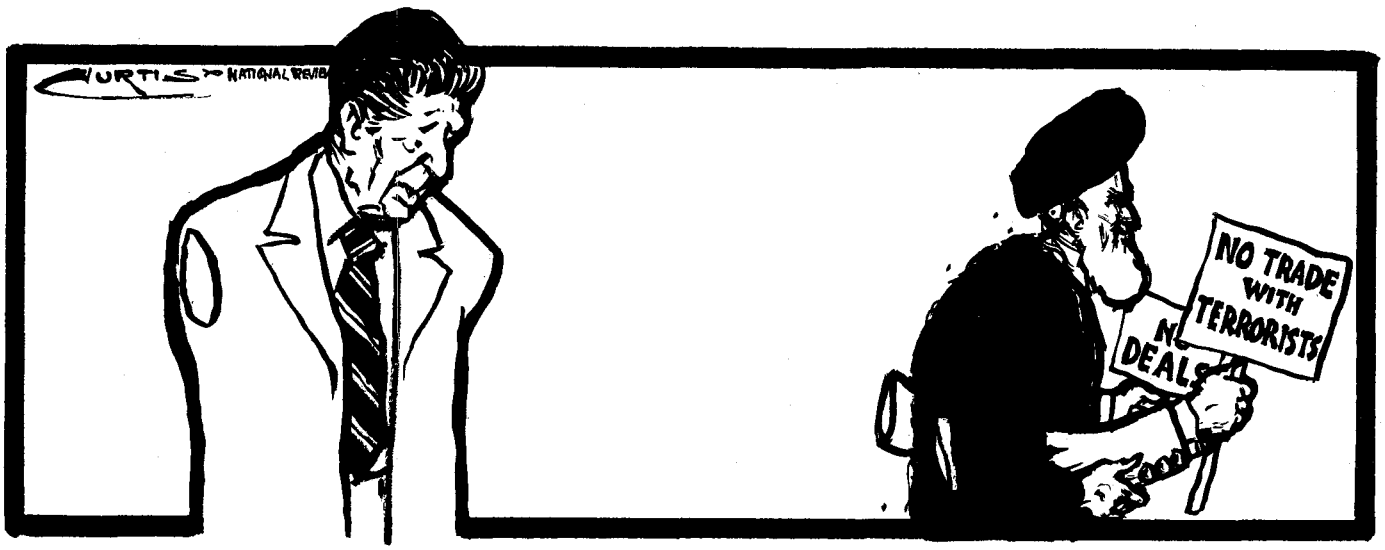

Arms to Iran

enment (which continues). Make Archbishop O'Connor leave your program a humbled, wiser man desperate for grace, a wretch made conscious of his fallibility and hurling himself down, for a change, like the gnashed and bleating publican praised in the Gospel story. Would that you had not let Bishop Sheen get away with those trivializing, undergrad summaries of Marx and Freud—or that you had the gall (or will soon have it) to interrupt Malcolm Muggeridge and ask how we might venture to *increase* the sufferings in this world, since they edify so handsomely. Perhaps a nuclear holocaust might bring us universal spiritual ecstasy, the way it sounds! Or how about closing down on medical science, since plagues not only a) allow God to punish, they b) enable "man" (emphasis on the male, since I think women are less given to this vision of spiritual sadism) to enjoy himself immensely, "maturing" on his cross. Why should we have stopped Hitler? He was only bringing "spiritual" redemption to his lucky victims?

I generally note that those who glorify suffering and a new vision of sin as part of their Yuletide good tidings generally are very pessimistic about ending certain kinds of economic distress and suffering through social action (after all, the afflictions of the poor and the crushed do them—and those who look on—an excellent amount of good), and they consistently see plentiful evidences of "Original Sin" in the world by just looking around them—but seldom by looking at *themselves* as leading indicators, at their own rationalizations and moralizing and slipshod logic and dogmatic infatuations and smug righteousness and bringing to life again stale centuries of unexamined platitude.

Likewise, I wish you had given your liberation theologians, some time back, the enflaming challenge of a Christian revolutionist to deal with, in their lazy-souled complacency, and Professor Minogue (if I remember his name right) from LSE some daring riposte to snap him out of his facile and cowardly summaries (unfortunately, Marx lies dead—but what vituperative power and wit he would have brought to such a chastening!).

You see what I mean? My best thanks, in any case.

Sincerely,
Norris Merchant
Crestwood, Ky.

Dear Mr. Merchant: Well, no, not really. What's going to make Peter Grace squirm, unless I catch him up in self-serving contradictions, of which there are none? RSVP. Archbishop O'Connor *is* a humble man desperate for grace, and his accents aren't those of infallible-types. Fulton Sheen knew more of Marx and Freud than most scholars, certainly more than I do: and anyway, we were talking about St. Augustine (quoth Sheen: "As Byron said of Augustine, 'He knew pleasures I had never dreamed of!' ") Malcolm Muggeridge's point that we learn from suffering should not be manhandled into a plea for nuclear exchanges, what? But thanks to you too. Cordially, WFB

☐ Clann Fearghaile abu

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your helpful advice to Gino Lucchetti on the formation of Latin plurals in "Notes & Asides" [Nov. 7] prompts me to submit for your consideration and guidance an equally difficult problem: For reasons that become more apparent each year, my wife needs to know whether the spouse of an old coot should be termed a "cootess" or a "cootrix." Your advice will do much to help us move gracefully into the Golden Years.

Cordially,
Charles O'Halloran

Dear Mr. O'Halloran: I should think that, noblesse oblige, I'd go for the first, but with a significant change in spelling. Why not a "cootesse"? See what I mean? Cordially, **—WFB**

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RUNUP TO '88

DESPITE ITS big Senate win, the Democratic Party is in disarray. Since the election was won on local issues and personalities, the Democrats have no unifying platform or national agenda. Furthermore, so many Democrats have migrated to the center, whether through conviction or for expediency, that the party is finding it difficult to set itself apart in the public eye. Hill dwellers are pointing to trade as an area in which the Democrats can stir up contention between themselves and the GOP.

Actually, the division on the trade issue will be not so much between Hill Democrats and Hill Republicans as between Congress as a whole and the White House. But though Republicans are sure to help push a protectionist trade bill through the 100th Congress, the Democrats will claim that their control of the Senate was the decisive factor. "In '88, Democrats want to point to trade and say, 'Our Senate turned this around,'" says a key aide to Senator John Danforth.

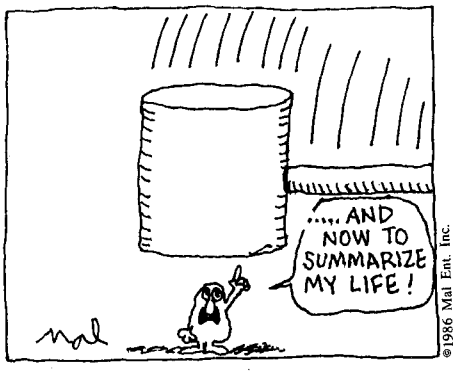
The severity of the Democratic bill will be scaled to the size of the trade and budget deficits. The White House argues that the trade deficit is now improving and should "narrow significantly" in 1987. Many economists are skeptical of this; a senior official in the office of the U.S. Trade Representative acknowledges that if the trade imbalance doesn't improve at a faster rate, hopes for a brighter 1987 and 1988 will collapse.

In any case, the icing would be put on the Democratic cake by a Reagan veto, which the loyal Republicans in the Senate might not be numerous enough to sustain. "We've got 45," observes Bob Dole to a Washington confidant. "But how many of those are hard?" Probably 35.

The White House is playing it cool for now, having said only that the Omnibus Trade Bill passed by the House in the 99th Congress was unacceptable. The President, although he won't admit it, is in a bind. His trade-negotiating authority expires in January of 1988 and is subject to renewal by Congress. Trade Representative Clayton Yeutter has stated that he feels under no pressure to get a renewal of that authority, but few believe him: Our European trading partners won't deal with an unauthorized President.

The ideologies of the two sides involved in this dispute are so strong and so opposed that fierce confrontations are probably inevitable. The President wants "fast-track" authority, i.e., the ability to implement decisions without congressional approval; the Senate wants to circumscribe that authority. The Administration says "protectionist" is a dirty word and touts free-market economics; many in Congress advocate protectionism under the name of competition. "We're not protectionist," says a ranking Finance Committee staffer, "but we'll de facto protect steel, textiles, lumber, and maybe other products."

Weakening the President's position is the lip-service paid by both political parties to the need for increased U.S. "competitiveness." Treasury Secretary James Baker has commissioned a study on the subject with an eye to the State of the Union address and, down the line, the 1988 Republican platform. In the short run, the consensus on competitiveness may serve simply to give the bill a strong bipartisan, centrist bloc of support.



Majority Leader-to-be Robert Byrd (W. Va.) and Finance Chairman-to-be Lloyd Bentsen (Tex.)—who, incidentally, believes the Senate was "stiffed on trade by Ronald Reagan last year"—have both stated as their "number-one, top-of-the-agenda priority" the passage of a trade bill that will stress 1) competitiveness, 2) enforcement measures against import barriers in other countries, 3) lessening the President's negotiating authority, and 4) a response to the linkage between Less Developed Countries' (LDC) trade and debt, possibly along the lines that Senator Bill Bradley (D., N.J.) has recommended. (Bradley argues that LDC debts make U.S. trade problems worse, because LDCs must hike exports and cut imports to pay these debts. Bradley calls for the partial forgiving of debts to relieve the U.S. trade burden. The problem: U.S. banks.)

Republican Rancor

A MOOD OF rancor fills the corridors and offices of Republican staffers as they pack up to make room for the triumphant incoming Democrats. The exiting staffers hope that during the next two years the Democrats will overplay their hands, return to their profligate spending ways, and thus remind the electorate "how awful they are." These youngish Republicans fear, too, that Democrats will take credit for legislation developed with the help of the GOP during the 99th Congress (like the trade and housing bills), liberalize it, and then proclaim to America that it was the Democrats who pushed it through. Democrats now need to justify themselves to the electorate, and will probably stop at nothing to do so. The next few months are crucial to the Democrats' hopes for recapturing the White House in '88. □

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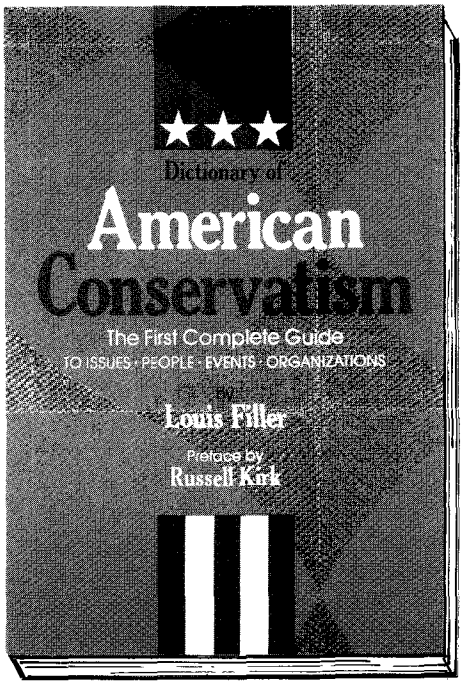

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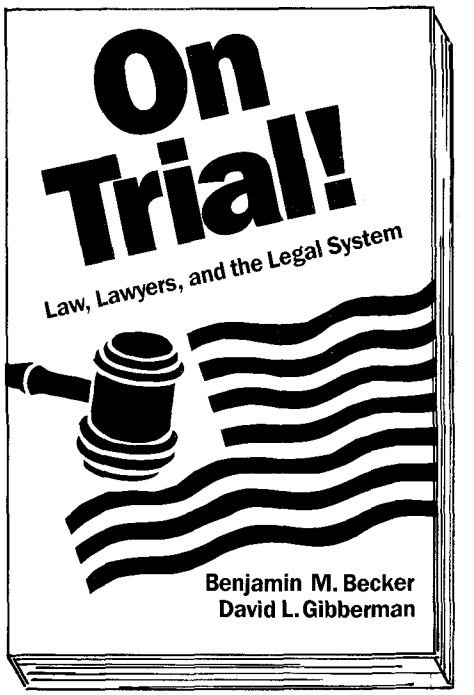

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HELSINKI, PLUS

HERE WE GO again. As I write, the third Follow-Up Meeting gets under way in Vienna. What's being followed up is the Final Act of the Helsinki Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE for short). The whole ongoing "Follow-Up" is known as the "Helsinki process."

We must give the professional diplomats their due, for sheer dogged persistence. The "third" Follow-Up Meeting is actually the eighth, by my reckoning, a number reached by counting the single-issue meetings as well as the all-embracing ones. The full-scale ones, of which this is the third, started with the Belgrade talkathon (October 1977–March 1978); the second installment was the still more talkative Madrid meeting (November 1980–September 1983). In addition, we had an Athens meeting on the Peaceful Settlement of Disputes, a Venice Seminar on the Mediterranean, the useful Ottawa conclave of experts on Human Rights, a Cultural Forum in Budapest, a get-together in Berne on Human Contacts, and of course the Stockholm conclave on Confidence- and Security-Building Measures and Disarmament in Europe (see *NR*, Nov. 7).

Is the whole thing worth it? It all depends on the criteria and the definitions. In such East-West exchanges, usefulness does not necessarily equate with the signing of agreed final statements. I notice that the word "useful" slipped from my typewriter in respect of the Ottawa meeting. This particular gathering failed to produce a report, and the Soviets, after severe, prolonged mangling from Western delegates, refused even to agree that further similar meetings should be held.

The very able American delegate, Mr. Richard Schifter, had devastated the Soviet side with a detailed and strikingly candid comparison of social conditions in the U.S. and the USSR —a point upon which the Soviets mistakenly thought themselves to be superior. In living space, living standards, medical care, and all the et ceteras, the Americans scored heavily.

In his closing statement on June 17, 1985, the chief British delegate, Sir Anthony Williams, spoke for all the Western delegates when he expressed regret that "the Soviet Union and its allies have tenaciously refused to consider seriously a single Western proposal of substance."

In such matters as human rights and human contacts, the Helsinki process is invariably useful to the Western side in that it provides a public forum for exposing the hollowness of Soviet undertakings in complying with "Basket Three." That is why Ottawa, which produced no agreed statement, was more "useful" than Madrid, which did: By definition, any agreed East-West statement on human rights is bound to fudge the issues; for if it did not, heads would roll in Moscow. Indeed, the system itself would be in jeopardy.

To illustrate the point, the Madrid Follow-Up reaffirmed that respect for human rights is an essential factor in developing international cooperation; stipulated that the participating states "will take the necessary action . . . to effectively ensure" the right of the individual to know and act upon his rights and duties; and explicitly recognized the right of workers freely to establish and join trade unions.

That quick summary alone fudged the following terms: "respect"; "human rights"; "necessary action"; "freely to establish and join"; and, of course, "trade unions." One can guess what Mr. Lech Walesa, for one, would think of the trade-union bit.

To put the whole process in perspective, let me recall that, during the protracted Madrid conference, the following events took place (it *was* a long conference):

—The Soviet Union stepped up its military efforts in Afghanistan.

—Moscow's stooges in Poland imposed martial law, in a proclamation (as President Reagan revealed) printed in the Soviet capital.

—A South Korean airliner that had strayed into Soviet air space was shot down; everyone on board was killed.

And yet, in the Concluding Document at Madrid, the participating states reaffirmed "that refraining from the threat or use of force, as a norm of international life, should be strictly and effectively observed." Fudging of this order of magnitude provokes reluctant admiration, of a kind.

Puppet-Master Gorbachev

LET US NOW switch our attention to Afghanistan, still the most glaring of the Soviet Union's continuing violations of the Final Act. In Vladivostok on July 28, General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev announced that six Soviet regiments would be withdrawn from Afghanistan. Let us make every possible allowance for the Soviet leader's integrity of purpose: To withdraw six regiments, after all, was better than to send in six new regiments.

Either way, however, we are talking about only 5 per cent of the total. There are still 110,000 Soviet troops in Afghanistan, and my guess is that we are still a long way off from the stage where the puppet regime in Kabul will be able to do its own repressing without Soviet help.

By all accounts, the latest Soviet choice as resident puppet, the ex-secret-police chief Najibullah—known as Najib—is more energetic than was his ailing predecessor, Babrak Karmal. But he is a long way from the "national reconciliation" that constitutes his favorite slogan. The resistance is growing, and American weapons in increasing numbers are getting through. Afghanistan looks like being on the agenda for the fourth and fifth Follow-Up Meetings. □

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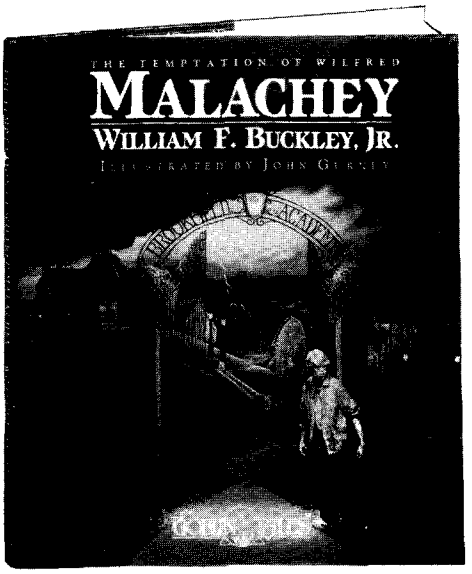
What?
Bill Buckley has written a children's book?

Yes, he has, and a darned good one too. *The Temptation of Wilfred Malachey* is a fascinating tale for kids, a thriller with a touch of the supernatural and a powerful appeal to the imagination. It's aimed at young readers from eight to thirteen (but *adults beware*: if you read the first few pages you'll be hooked too!).



Malachey is an ingenious fairy tale brought up to date. It has all the old ingredients—an ancient curse, a decrepit prep-school setting—and something new: a fearsome goblin who makes his appearance on a computer screen.

Any intelligent child will enjoy this book—even those who haven't had the slightest experience with a real computer (of course many *have*, these days). The plot is intriguing: Wilfred attempts to bargain electronically with OMEGAGOD, the goblin of the computer. It's fun and instructive—it's hard to imagine a youngster who wouldn't be tickled pink to get a copy of *The Temptation of Wilfred Malachey*, and, who knows, it might spark interest in more and better reading.

Right now you can get this beautifully printed, beautifully illustrated book ($10.95 retail) as a FREE bonus just by subscribing to *National Review* for a full year (25 big issues) at the regular $34 rate. If you're already a subscriber there's no problem either—simply extend your present subscription for another full year beyond its current expiration date (*whenever* that is, we'll handle it properly).

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BISHOP IN THE DOGHOUSE

THE 1986 MEETING of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, at Washington's Capital Hilton Hotel, was scheduled to debate the bishops' controversial pastoral letter on the economy. But the pastoral was unexpectedly upstaged by what everyone was calling "the Hunthausen affair." That affair brought the American bishops as close to an open break with Rome as they have ever come. Not very close, as it turned out, but close enough.

Archbishop Raymond G. Hunthausen of Seattle has made national headlines before, but for different reasons. He is an inveterate pacifist and anti-nuclear protestor who has called a locally based nuclear-armed submarine the "Auschwitz of Puget Sound." He withholds half his income tax in protest against this country's military stance. He condemns the American "lifestyle" of "outrageous wealth and power," saying it invites nuclear war. To some he is a prophet, to others a kook.

But Catholics, in Seattle and Rome especially, know him best for other things. Under his administration, the Archdiocese of Seattle has become a liberal playground in matters of Catholic discipline. Annulments are easy, even by today's lax standards. Priests give "general absolution" to whole congregations, without individual "auricular" confession. Children receive First Communion without making a confession first. A Catholic hospital performs contraceptive sterilizations. Renegade priests and their wives hold jobs with the Archdiocese itself.

One of Hunthausen's most controversial acts was to permit a militant homosexual group, Dignity, to hold its own Mass in his cathedral. "They're Catholics too," he explained. "They need a place to pray." But according to Catholic teaching, the event can be fairly described as sacrilegious.

Local Catholics appealed to Rome, which appointed Archbishop James Hickey of Washington, D.C., to look into Hunthausen's administration. Hickey's findings moved the Vatican this year to appoint an auxiliary bishop, Donald Wuerl, to take over episcopal authority in the areas in question. The appointment was not announced publicly, and Hunthausen was not otherwise disciplined or censured.

Nevertheless, Hunthausen was deeply wounded by this unusual limitation on his authority. In September, two months before the NCCB meeting, he made it public and complained bitterly. The Vatican countered his version of the events by publishing its own chronology.

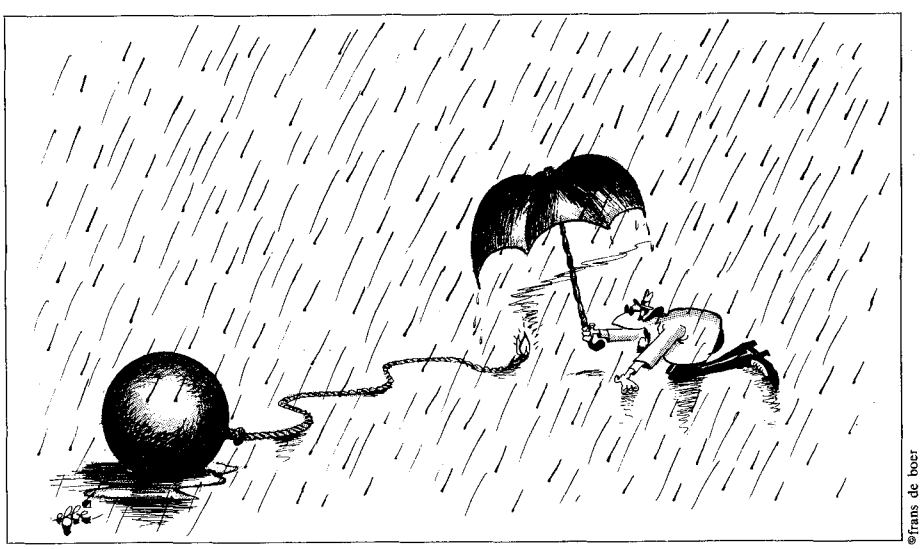
Hunthausen's announcement divided American Catholics from the top down. Some saw the Vatican action as long overdue. But theological and political liberals (pretty much the same people) denounced it. Milwaukee's Archbishop Rembert Weakland, one of the leading liberals among the American bishops, did what is Just Not Done: He publicly criticized the Vatican, not only for stripping Hunthausen of authority but for its recent dismissal of Father Charles Curran, the liberal moral theologian at Catholic University.

The fat was in the fire. Archbishop Philip Hannan of New Orleans accused Weakland of "wildly exaggerating" in comparing the Vatican's action to "the Inquisition and the periodic witch hunts for heretics." Bernard Cardinal Law of Boston also defended Rome. "Indeed," he said, "not to have acted would have been irresponsible."

And there it stood as the bishops convened in Washington on November 10. An executive session was scheduled for the second day to discuss the Hunthausen affair.

The NCCB meeting opened with a speech by outgoing president Bishop James Malone of Youngstown. He appealed for unity with Rome and with the Pope as "successor of Peter." The papal representative, Archbishop Pio Laghi, read an unprecedented personal letter from John Paul II, pleading the Church's "unity and universality" under the "successor of Peter." The pointed reiteration underscored how serious things had gotten.

On Tuesday morning, the second day, the hundred or so journalists followed the election of new officers with special interest, as clues to what might happen at the closed session later in the day. The bishops routinely elected the outgoing vice president, Archbish-



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op John May of St. Louis, as their new president. But the vice presidential vote was more interesting. The top three candidates were Law, leading the pro-Vatican forces; Weakland, leading the liberals; and Archbishop Daniel Pilarczyk of Cincinnati, a "moderate" but Weakland-leaning prelate.

The voting coalesced on the second ballot. Out of 279 votes, Law got 110; Pilarczyk, 75; and Weakland, 74. On the runoff, nearly all Weakland's votes went to Pilarczyk, who won easily. The preponderant sentiment appeared to be anti-Law. Before the meeting ended, he lost another minor election in a lopsided vote. If the bishops were opting for formal unity with Rome, most of them seemed angry with the man who was its most forthright advocate.

In the end, the bishops approved their own letter by a vote of 225 to 9. That very margin showed how little thought they had given it

The closed session took the entire afternoon and still was not concluded. It was adjourned to Wednesday morning, and the press was disappointed when the post-session press conference had to be canceled. The big story was going untold.

That night, at a reception for the press, I asked one bishop if the session might be described as "stormy." Cautiously, he replied, "I would say 'pained.'" At the same reception, Congressman Bob Dornan, a conservative Republican from California, told a bishop how distressed pro-life Catholic congressmen had been by the doctrine of the "seamless garment"—the teaching of Chicago's Cardinal Bernardin that a "consistent pro-life ethic" requires support for liberal social programs along with opposition to abortion. That had undercut the loyal Catholic pro-lifers by allowing the Kennedy types to say, in effect, "We're as pro-life as you are." The bishop listened sympathetically but, like most of the bishops that night, guardedly kept his own counsel.

Meanwhile, there was that economics pastoral. It was real Seamless Garment stuff. This was the third draft, and it deplored unemployment, made perfunctory references to incentives and property rights, and spoke of the "moral and social scandal" of poverty. Formally rejecting "collectivist and socialist" solutions, it practically approved them, in a piecemeal way.

A lay group led by former Treasury Secretary William Simon had issued a critical reply to the pastoral letter, stressing not only the productivity of free-market capitalism but such traditional Catholic themes as the virtue of diligence and the necessity of strong families. Weakland attacked the Simon paper at a press conference, calling it "libertarian" and saying the bishops preferred a more "communitarian" ethic. He is said to have told others that the Simon paper was "blasphemous"—a strong word in a milieu where "pastoral" and "collegial" have been the bywords.

In the end, the bishops approved their own letter by a vote of 225 to 9. That very margin showed how little thought they had really given it: Despite its inherently controversial content, in a field where certainty can never be dogmatic, the letter was simply rubber-stamped. A committee wrote it, the assembly blessed it.

Anyone who has read the letter, with its grey November prose, can only pity those charged with selecting its highlights. The *New York Times* picked these morsels: "Vigorous action should be undertaken to remove barriers to full and equal employment for women and minorities. . . . We urge that the principle of progressivity be a central guiding norm in any reforms of the tax system. . . . All of society should make a much stronger commitment to education for the poor. . . . A thorough reform of the nation's welfare and income-support programs should be undertaken." No danger of blasphemy there, anyway. The bishops, with the aid of their holy ghostwriters, put themselves squarely on the side of the progressive angels.

At one of the countless press conferences, Archbishop May, as the newly elected president, took a casual whack at the "far Right" for criticizing the bishops' peace and economics pastorals. It was reassuring to know there are still limits to dissent, even in the "open" American Church, but after all, it wasn't the far Right that was threatening the Church with schism. For some reason, most of the bishops seem more tolerant of theological than political dissent.

On Wednesday morning, the executive session on Hunthausen reconvened, finished up, and issued two statements. One was Malone's, speaking for the NCCB. He spoke of the "pain" Hunthausen and Wuerl had suffered and the "abuse" directed at the Pope and the Holy See. Et cetera. Then he got down to brass tacks.

Bishops, he said, exercise their office in communion with the Pope and under his authority. And, on this occasion, "the bishops of the United States wish to affirm unreservedly their loyalty to and unity with the Holy Father."

"The conference of bishops," he went on, "has no authority to intervene in the internal affairs of a diocese or in the unique relationship between the Pope and individual bishops." The conference, he said, could not "review, much less judge, a case involving a diocesan bishop and the Holy See." Rome's decision was presumably reached "carefully and charitably," and "deserves our respect and confidence."

Later it transpired that the bishops had struck the words "just and reasonable" from the statement, for which the liberals claimed a victory of sorts. Maybe they had a point. But even a positive judgment like that would have sounded presumptuous, since the bishops had not, after all, made their own full inquiry into the affairs of the Seattle Archdiocese. Hunthausen had made a public bid for support and, aside from a few expressions of sympathy, had been left high and dry by his colleagues.

The bishops also released Hunthausen's statement. He complained that he had never been allowed to face his "accusers," or to see the "allegations" against him. Rome's action had been "punitive," no matter how the Vatican described it, and it just wasn't fair to Raymond Hunthausen. He had made a few errors of "pastoral judgment," maybe, and here and there an "oversight," but the guidelines hadn't been

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all that clear, and, besides, other bishops were doing the same things, and *they* weren't being punished. And so forth.

Some of Hunthausen's supporters demonstrated outside the hotel, and some in the Catholic press wore large red H's on their shirt fronts to show their solidarity with the Martyr of Seattle. He was, of course, innocent. He denied that he had ever rejected Catholic teaching (as on homosexuality) or intended to defy Rome.

liberately confusing the Holy Office with the Spanish Inquisition, the better to alarm the public). So in Seattle, the Vatican took a quiet approach. Hunthausen wasn't burnt at the stake, removed from office, or even reprimanded, publicly or privately: He was given an assistant—so that the things that weren't being done, for some reason, would get done.

That's all that happened, but it irresistibly reminded Rembert Weakland of the Inquisition and the witch hunts,

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The casual observer might ask why so many of Hunthausen's supporters were advocates *of the heterodox practices he says he has eschewed*

What made Hunthausen's position hard to credit was that Rome had acted so slowly and, when it did act, discreetly. There are any number of dioceses where it might have taken similar action: That part was true, though it didn't exactly buttress Hunthausen's pleas of innocence. His archdiocese has been notorious for a long time, and these days, in the American Church, being notorious for lax pastoral practice is no mean feat.

The most casual observer might wonder, also, why so many of Hunthausen's supporters were precisely *advocates* of the heterodox practices he says he has eschewed. It's a little like the Hiss case: Why were all the Commies defending him against the charge of being a Communist?

Though the bishops did their best to paper it over, there is a great deal of deep dissension in the Catholic Church in America. Theologians who deny the divinity of Christ demand that they be regarded (and paid) as Catholic theologians in good standing. The sacraments are scandalously abused, and every secular fad from abortion to gay rights to Marxism has its faction in the Church. Nearly every major Catholic teaching is not only "questioned," as the dissidents coyly put it, but denied. And the bishops are part of the problem.

Whenever Rome tries to supply the discipline the bishops won't provide themselves, the liberal press, both Catholic and secular, bristles with references to the Inquisition (sometimes de-

and it caused Hunthausen himself to make a scene. By speaking of his "accusers" and his rights, he did exactly what the Vatican had carefully avoided doing: He turned the whole affair into a trial. The point was no longer whether the Catholics of Seattle were getting the pastoral guidance they were entitled to; it was whether Raymond Hunthausen's rights were being violated. That was something a lot of people, including a lot of bishops, could relate to. Rome was persecuting again!

" 'Hunthausen'—isn't that German for 'doghouse'?" a priest in the pressroom smiled. That took the issue out of the realm of martyrdom, where Hunthausen's self-absorbed view had put it, and brought it down to the level where it belonged. A bishop in the doghouse.

The other bishops knew well enough how many of them were eligible for similar embarrassment, and they did their best to cover up. Even New York City's stoutly orthodox Cardinal O'Connor denied, in response to a question from a journalist, that there is "widespread abuse" of general absolution.

Worse than the coverup, though, is the spectacle of Catholic bishops making demagogic appeals to prejudice against their own church. The day after the NCCB meeting ended, the *Washington Post* picked up the cue with a front-page story on Cardinal Ratzinger as "the Pope's enforcer" and inheritor of "the mantle of the grand inquisitor of the Middle Ages." And the day after that, *Post* columnist Colman McCarthy called Hunthausen the victim of "inquisitional Romans."

For the mass media, stories about the Catholic Church boil down to contests between progressive good guys and reactionary villains. This simple scenario, of course, suits the liberals' purposes just fine, and they readily cast their opponents in the role of Torquemada.

All the same, even the most liberal bishops realize what Malone reminded them of in his opening address: They are nothing without Rome, the source of their authority. An open break was always out of the question. However they might sympathize with Hunthausen, they had to make a formal affirmation of their unity with the Pope. But having done that, they could take out their anger on the men who had given the Pope the strongest support, such as Cardinal Law, and undercut the sort of discipline Rome wants to see in America, as they did by voting against reform of the practice of general absolution.

Within the constraints of its identity as a Roman Catholic organization, the NCCB functions to secularize and politicize the Church in America. While resisting religious unity with Rome, it seeks to create political—and, specifically, liberal—unity within the American Church.

Most of the American bishops still are products of the post-Vatican II frenzies, appointed on the recommendation of the liberal papal delegate of those years, Archbishop Jean Jadot. But Laghi is John Paul's man, and John Paul will be appointing the bishops for the next few years. The coloration of the NCCB will inevitably change—as it has begun to do already. In three years, one observer estimated, the bishops' conference will be dominated by papists. The liberals have peaked.

When Hunthausen flew home to Seattle, a crowd of three hundred supporters was waiting to greet him. They decked him with flowers and shouted, "We love you." He talked bravely, telling a press conference he still didn't like the new arrangement and was going to do something or another about it—maybe go to Rome and talk to the Pope himself. He wasn't sure yet.

But he had already done something an anti-nuke prelate should never do. He'd bombed. □

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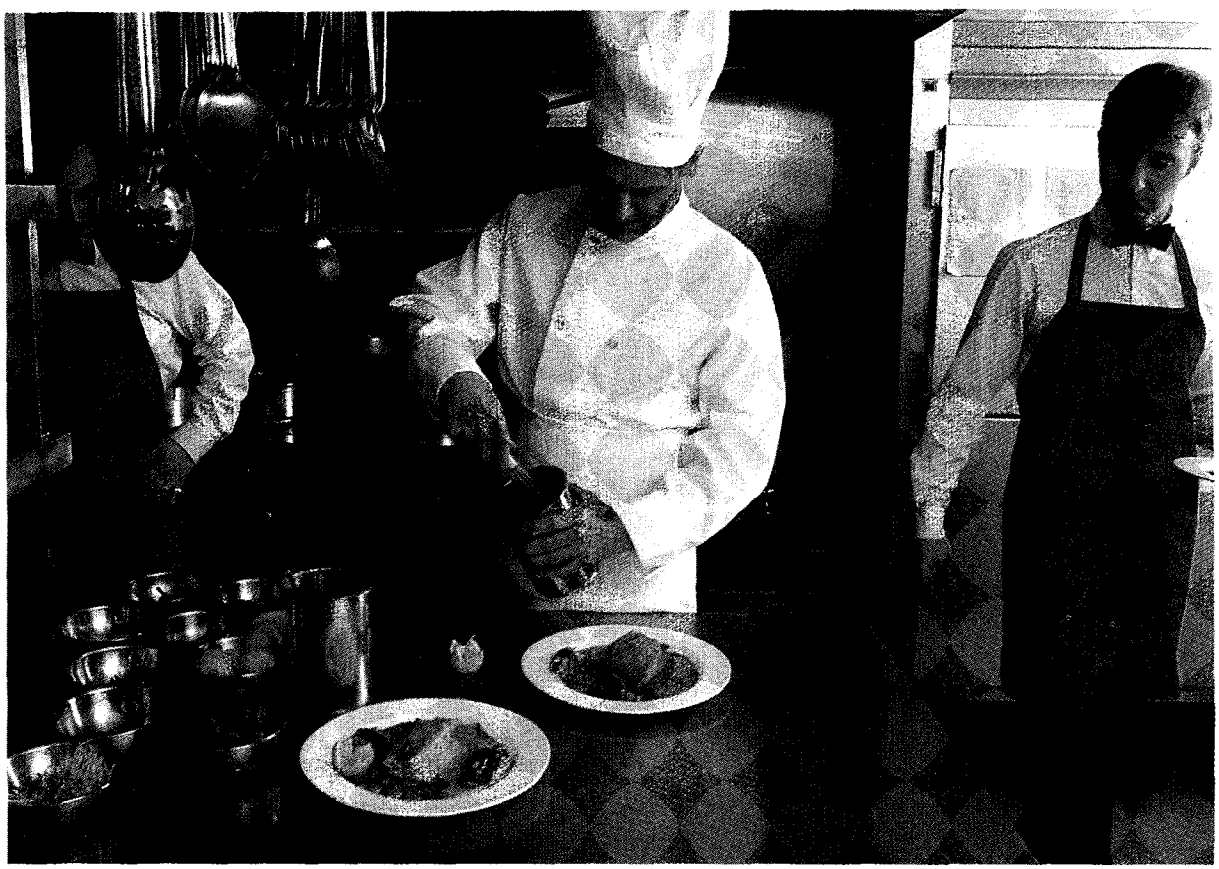
THE ART OF SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE



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Exit From NATO?

LOSING GROUND IN EUROPE

Tom Bethell

A rich man used to take a group of friends to a restaurant every week. Everything was amicable. The friends had suffered during a recent war, whereas the rich man had come through almost unscathed.

Gradually the friends regained their prosperity. The rich man went on paying the bill, but the friends started to chip in a few dollars. Eventually the meal became quite an expense—there were 15 or so at the table. But the rich man couldn't help noticing that some people ordered expensive items from the menu and yet paid little. Bill-paying time became rancorous and argumentative. Some at the table wondered how long they could go on being friends.

Some advisors to the rich man suggested that there was a simple and desirable solution: separate checks. But other advisors said no: Separate checks would surely put an end to the friendship. On the contrary, said the first advisors, this was the only way they could continue to be friends.

ABOUT 150 PEOPLE were gathered in the Harold R. Medina courtroom of Columbia University Law School, under the auspices of the East-West Roundtable, to hear a debate between Irving Kristol, co-editor of *The Public Interest* and professor of Social Thought at New York University, and Eugene Rostow, former director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and Sterling Professor of Law at Yale University. The motion before the house was: Resolved, that the United States should quit the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

The most important feature of the NATO treaty, signed in 1949, is a commitment to a "common defense" against the Soviet Union. Under the treaty, an armed attack on one signatory would be considered an attack on all.

"I shall be arguing," Kristol said, "that NATO over the past ten years or so has become an organization with perverse or counterproductive tendencies. We and the Europeans would both be better off with an all-European NATO, which would then have friendly relations with the United States. I am not an isolationist. I am not anti-European."

Kristol has been arguing for U.S. withdrawal from NATO at least since 1973. The main points he raised at Columbia were as follows: The U.S. presence in Western Europe, more than forty years after winning the war that brought us there, has created a dependent and demoralized set of allies. Just as welfare dependency corrupts inner-city dwellers, so military dependency has corrupted our European allies.

Europe today is economically healthy, indeed prosperous. Its combined GNP, its combined manpower, its technological resources, and its educational level exceed those of the Soviet Union by a wide margin. (Indeed, the combined GNP of the 19 Western European countries is not far short of the U.S. GNP, and Western Europe's population of nearly 400 million is considerably greater than ours.)

The Europeans could easily defend themselves. But, Kristol said, they don't want to. "And why should they, when in fact they can get away with funding social services which they believe, probably correctly, to be very popular?" They can get away with this because of our commitment to spend our money on their defense.

As the moderator, Morton Kondracke of *The New Republic*, said in his introduction: "The current total U.S. defense budget is approximately $300 billion annually. Experts usually agree that the cost of the U.S. contribution to NATO, which is to say the defense of the European front, is approximately half that figure, somewhere between $130 billion and $170 billion." In his just published book, *How NATO Weakens the West*, Melvyn Krauss, a professor of economics at New York University and a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution, writes that in 1984 "the U.S.-defense-spending share of total NATO defense spending was 64.73 per cent."

Admittedly there is some room for adjustment in these figures. Some Western European countries have a military draft, which is cheaper than an all-volunteer army. So their defense spending seems to be lower than it really is. Still, there can be no doubt that the U.S. has, since World War II, played a major role in the defense of Western Europe, and has continued to do so despite the European recovery from that war.

Kristol and Krauss are drawing attention to a state of affairs well known to economists. It is usually called

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the free-rider problem. If a group of people work collectively and divide the fruits of the labor equally, toilers subsidize shirkers. When the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth Colony in 1620 they at first attempted collective farming, but gave it up by 1623. Their first governor, William Bradford, wrote: "The young men that were most able and fit for labor and service did repine that they should spend their time and strength to work for other men's wives and children without any recompense." When the land was privatized there was a dramatic improvement in the colony, "for it made all hands very industrious, so as much more corn was planted than otherwise would have been."

National defense is a "public good," meaning that everyone benefits from it within a country that provides it. For this reason its provision is appropriately a government function. A private-sector defense would encourage free riders (who would be protected even though they did not pay anything). But in a multinational or collective-alliance setting such as NATO, the free riders once again appear, and those (i.e., Western Europeans) who are loath to defend themselves remain shielded by those who pay the bill (U.S. taxpayers).

"In openly declaring that this country would 'bear any burden and pay any price' for defense of the free world," Krauss writes, "Kennedy made our allies an offer they couldn't refuse. The unintended result of Kennedy's *carte blanche* approach to containment has been that, too often, the marginal or incremental contribution of U.S. military aid to Western defense has been disappointing simply because this intervention has induced offsetting substitutions of [welfare programs for] defense efforts by our allies. U.S. military assistance in these cases does not increase Western deterrence. It merely redistributes the cost of financing a given amount of defense from our allies to ourselves."

The United States garrisons about 340,000 troops in Western Europe, mostly in West Germany. Bruno Bettelheim, the psychologist, speculates that they act as a constant and humiliating reminder that West Germany today remains dependent on the same forces that defeated it in World Wars I and II. "On an emotional level," Krauss writes, "the Germans see the U.S. troops as a continuing army of occupation that makes them into an inferior partner in the Atlantic Alliance."

Kristol pointed out at Columbia that these troops "are not there to repel Soviet aggression. They are not needed for that. They are there as hostages. Those American troops in Western Europe are there as hostages to affirm that if Western Europe is unable, as it is at the moment, to resist Soviet aggression, the United States stands ready to raise the conflict to the nuclear level. Otherwise a President will have to stand passively by and watch 200,000 or 300,000 American troops killed, wounded, or taken prisoner." Thus, Kristol said, "We have made a very peculiar commitment to NATO." In response to the Europeans' reluctance to defend themselves, we promise to commit suicide on their behalf. For this reason Kristol, as he did not mention at Columbia, supports a U.S. pledge of "no first use" of nuclear weapons as an alternative to the withdrawal of U.S. troops. Only such a pledge, he believes, will galvanize the Europeans into self-defense.

Europe can and should defend itself, but it will not do so in response to pleas and badgering. Such exhortation only creates anti-Americanism. Prodigal sons whose fathers pay their credit-card bills will not mend their ways in response to entreaties. In fact, such pleas tell the sons better than anything that dad really wants to go on paying. As Krauss says, "Dogs that bark do not bite." Only actual policy changes will alter European incentives.

Collectivizing defense is not necessarily good for the free riders either. Kristol argues that our military aid demoralizes Western Europe: "These governments undermine a spirit of self-reliance among their own people by bringing in the United States as the protector of Western Europe: a task that they are thoroughly competent to perform. They persuade their own people that they need not make the necessary sacrifices to assert their own national independence and affirm their own national identity.

"Soldiers don't fight and die for acronyms . . . for something called NATO or SEATO or any other O. Soldiers fight and die for their country. The present structure of NATO is such that Germans or French, British, Dutch, Italians are not fighting for their country. Indeed many of them are by now convinced that they are fighting for the United States. This is what I refer to as the demoralization that is taking place among the European population. Because the U.S. is in NATO—has its fingers on all the triggers—the European people begin to wonder: Who is serving whom? Who is being used by whom? An awful lot of Europeans have become convinced in the last 15 years that NATO exists to serve the purpose of the United States. And they are not entirely wrong. Obviously we would much prefer to see a war fought in Europe, rather than on the continental United States."

The all-important point here is that much of Western Europe has become demoralized and anti-American not because it is a civilization in decline or because the Soviets are too frightening to contemplate, but as a direct result of the collective structure of NATO itself. Make each country accept responsibility for its own defense—ask for "separate checks"—and the problem will disappear, Kristol and his supporters believe.

At his apartment near New York University, Melvyn Krauss elaborated on the "demoralization" point. It does no good, he argued, merely to tell the Europeans, "Come to your senses," while raising defense spending. "The fact is they have come to their senses," Krauss said. "They have been able to keep the welfare state, keep U.S. support, *and* feel safe from the Soviets. When we gave Europe the nuclear guarantee, in the 1950s, the Soviets couldn't hit us back. As soon as they could, in the 1960s, the credibility of our promise declined. What adjustment did the Europeans make? They could have increased their conventional defense. But that would have been costly. So they went for détente—basically, bribing the Soviets not to invade them. Not only do they subsidize the Soviet economy, they also engage in political détente—obstructing anti-Communism in the Third World, supporting the Sandinistas, and so on. And they justify their own free riding by pooh-poohing the Soviet threat as a figment of the imagination of American hawks."

"The *ménage à trois* is what they are striving for," concurred Harvard professor Richard Pipes, former director of Eastern European and Soviet affairs in the National Security Council. In a telephone interview, he explained: "The Europeans live in a make-believe world whereby they are married to the U.S. but carry on a continuous affair with

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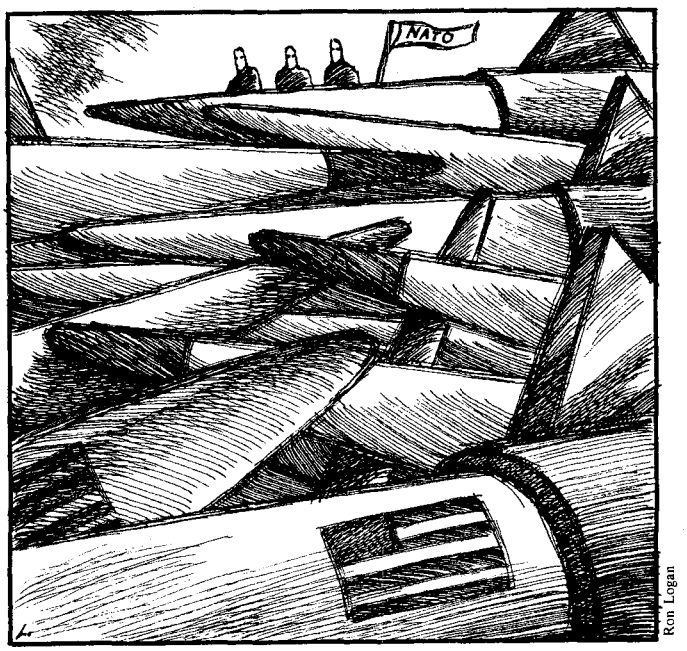
the other side. I find this simply fantastic. Recently the West German Social Democratic Party had its convention, and they said they would like to have a security arrangement with the Soviet Union!"

Given its potential strength, Europe's pusillanimity can only be explained by its demoralization. Pipes argues that the situation in NATO is now "far worse than most people realize. I have never seen a situation where a group of countries is economically of the first rank and politically and militarily of the third rank." He believes that either the U.S. should "ease its commitment to the defense of Europe," or Europe should increase its defense commitments elsewhere. Obviously, however, only the former is a realistic possibility.

Jed Snyder, who was with the State Department during Reagan's first term and today is deputy director of national-security studies in the Washington office of the Hudson Institute, told me the latest gallows humor about NATO: The way it is going, Western Europe will end up as a nuclear-free zone.

He mentioned this in connection with the Spanish referendum on NATO membership earlier this year. Spain agreed to stay in NATO, but only on condition that no nuclear weapons be kept in Spain. (Reportedly, another condition is that U.S. planes carrying nuclear weapons will not fly over Spain.) Moreover, Spanish forces would not be integrated into NATO, meaning that they would not be required to defend NATO territory—only Spanish. In effect, Spain would receive assurances of our protection without incurring military obligations outside Spain.

What was so appalling about this, Snyder said, was the absence of any NATO reaction to these conditions of membership. There was instead a celebration at NATO headquarters in Brussels, with the unreassuring British Secretary General of NATO, Lord Carrington, proposing a toast: Jolly good show, chaps! Here we have finally brought reluctant Spain into the arsenal of democracy. (Let's not worry about such details as force integration until we've got it safely into the NATO fold.) A bad precedent, as Snyder said: "It's my view that the Greek government will seek to adopt the Spanish model."



And what happens to NATO if Britain's Labour Party or West Germany's SPD returns to power? (Labour would dismantle Britain's independent nuclear deterrent and require the removal of all U.S. nuclear weapons based in Britain.) As Kristol said at Columbia, either we do something, politely, about our role in Western Europe, or sooner or later they will do something, rudely, to us. If the latter, it would probably be not "separate checks," but an angry departure from the dinner table.

Heavyweight support for Kristol comes from Zbigniew Brzezinski and Henry Kissinger. "If Europe is to emerge politically, it must assume a more direct role in its own defense," Brzezinski wrote in *Foreign Affairs* (Winter 1984–85). "To move Europe in this direction, the United States will have to take the first steps, even perhaps unilaterally, through a ten-year program of annual cuts in the level of U.S. ground forces in Europe."

Noting the increasing disarray of NATO, Kissinger wrote in *Time* in 1984 that when military "dependence no longer results from wartime destruction but from a policy of choice, made under conditions of relative prosperity, it can breed guilt, self-hatred, and a compulsion to display independence of the U.S. wherever doing so is safe." He suggested that by 1990 "Europe should assume the major responsibility for [its] conventional ground defense."

In his response at Columbia, Eugene Rostow seemed to misconstrue Kristol's argument. He took Kristol's unilateralism to be isolationism. (Writing in *The New Republic*, Charles Krauthammer has made the same mistake.) Rostow took a proposal to strengthen the resolve of friends as a proposal to cease being friends; a proposal to end a system of common defense as one intended to abandon that defense—as though Governor Bradford's proposal to divide up the land tilled by the Plymouth Colony were a proposal to break up the colony; as though a proposal to dine out with separate checks were a proposal to stop eating at the same table.

Rostow went on at some length about the "balance of power," commending the British for having preserved it for four hundred years. This they had done "by organizing coalitions of allies which together prevented the predator states who appear occasionally in the course of European history from achieving mastery."

Rostow's argument here actually undermined the case for NATO's present structure, because Britain certainly did not maintain the balance of power by paying for the defense of countries with which it happened to be allied. In fact, these alliances, whether protracted or shifting, were possible precisely because Britain was not subsidizing the exchequers of its friends. Rostow never explained why the subsidy of country B (Britain, say) by country A (America) is a necessary precondition for the military alliance of B and A.

Rostow seemed to be thinking automatically in the collective- or socialized-security terms so widespread among those whose formative political experience was World War II. For disguised by the anti-Communist purpose of NATO is a collectivist principle, embodied in a collectivized organization. NATO should be thought of as a product of the times that produced not so much Senator McCarthy as the World Federalists, the United Nations, UNESCO, and Americans for Democratic Action.

In another respect, Rostow was still fighting the last

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war. "It's hard for me to imagine any reason why it's in the American national interest to have a Europe so independent and so nuclear, on its own as a third force," he said. "That, it seems to me, is a risk we should never have to contemplate. We fought two wars to prevent Europe from being unified under German control." (Those whose real reason for opposing change in NATO's structure is fear that West Germany is potentially more dangerous than the Soviet Union should make their case forthrightly. Then it could be explained to them that wars between democracies are implausible events today.)

An additional argument Kristol makes for loosening our ties to NATO is that "Allied unity" is constantly advocated by those who would like to see the Alliance proceed, like a convoy, at the speed of the slowest ship. The invocation of "the Allies" almost always is a disguised appeal for the strongest to capitulate to the weakest.

There are those in the State Department who prefer the policy of the Norwegian socialists to the policy of Ronald Reagan, and who therefore are the great proponents of Alliance unity

"There are those in the State Department who prefer Danish policy to American policy," Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle told me. "There are those who prefer the policy of the Norwegian socialists to the policy of Ronald Reagan, and who therefore are the great proponents of Alliance unity."

Sophisticated defenders of NATO are aware of this trap and argue that we should lead NATO, not leave it. This is the position of *National Interest* editor Owen Harries, Perle himself, and *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz, among others.

"If you believe that there is only one possible Alliance diplomacy and it's the one we have been practicing, then you are driven to despair," said Perle. "Because it's an acquiescent diplomacy. I don't think that's inevitable. We can and should lead the Alliance . . . You see, Irving Kristol's criticism—he doesn't realize it but his real criticism is with the Department of State and not the Danish socialists."

Melvyn Krauss responds that "to lead the Alliance *is* to leave it." That is, as long as the perverse incentive structure remains in place, independent action will tend to enrage allies, not reform them. When they still have the incentive to let us pay the bill, our independent action merely draws attention to their pusillanimity. As Richard Pipes said, friends get "very angry" when you do this.

After the Libyan raid this April, polls showed that while the British and West German publics generally criticized the U.S. action, Frenchmen supported it. As Michael Dobbs of the *Washington Post* pointed out, "Anti-American sentiment tends to be strongest in countries, such as Britain or West Germany, whose foreign policy is perceived as tied to Washington. It is weakest in a country such as France, which has a highly developed sense of its own independent interest."

The French, Krauss writes, "can thank Charles de Gaulle for this." In the 1960s he withdrew France from NATO's military structure. Are we as a result not friends with France, not "allied" against the Soviet Union? On the contrary, some polls show France to be our most reliable ally. And as Flora Lewis has commented: "The pacifist movement in France, though it is growing, remains marginal because the French government retains full and exclusive control of its defense."

Norman Podhoretz remains one of the most influential holdouts against the idea that something must be done about NATO. Unlike some of his co-supporters of the status quo, he understands the difference between isolationism and unilateralism. He knows about the incentivist case against NATO, too, but he rejects it completely.

"My explanation for the problem in Europe is the influence of ideas, not money," he said recently. "If you want to be succinct about it, I believe that ideas rule the world." He characterized these ideas, which have been at large in the world at least since the late 1960s, as follows: Loss of confidence in the values of civilization, self-doubt, "best summarized as anti-Western." This explanation, he said, "applies to the United States as well as to Europe, although less so."

As a result, Podhoretz is convinced that "we are stuck with the Europeans and that we will have to sink or swim with them. In this I disagree with Irving Kristol and some of my other friends."

What about the argument that prodigal sons won't reform as long as dad goes on paying their bills?

"Economism!" he said, with some distaste. "Reductionism!" Podhoretz wants you to know that, in the struggle for influence in the world, he takes the side of values against incentives—a preference he shares with the State Department and the British Foreign Office.

How about Mel Krauss's line, "Dogs that bark don't bite"?

"Philistine!" cried Podhoretz. "We're talking about people, not dogs." He remained unmoved by the reminder that James Buchanan just won the Nobel Prize in economics for arguing that governments, like people, respond to incentives.

On this issue Norman Podhoretz seems to revert to the Brooklyn kid who "made it" to tea parties on Cambridge University lawns with F. R. Leavis, literary critic and editor of the "terrifying" *Scrutiny*. Podhoretz reacts to the economists' excursion into foreign policy much as one imagines Leavis would have responded had a Cambridge "scout" blundered out onto the lawn from the bursar's office with some old bills and a puzzled frown: "Go back into your counting house, my man; do your sums and don't disturb us here!"

Podhoretz is opposed even to a test of the anti-collectivist thesis, such as a small U.S. troop withdrawal from Europe. He argues that such policy shifts "can develop a momentum of their own," so that things could unexpectedly slide out of hand. In the view of the "economists," he thereby reassures Europeans (prodigal sons) that we will go on subsidizing them no matter how badly they behave. (Such a troop withdrawal from Western Europe was proposed by Senator Sam Nunn in 1984. It was defeated by a vote of 55 to 41, with most conservative senators—Armstrong, Denton, East, Garn, Goldwater, Hatch, Hecht, Helms, Thurmond, Wallop—voting against it.)

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What European action would change Podhoretz's mind? "Outright subsidy of the Soviet Union," he suggested. But this is already happening, through the EEC Common Agricultural Policy. Europe's taxpayer-subsidized farmers produce surpluses that are sold far below cost to the Soviets. Any tourist to the Soviet Union today knows that although the food is poor, the butter is plentiful. It is paid for by Europeans, hoping to spike Russian guns. Likewise, subsidized European loans enabled the Soviets to build the pipeline that delivers the gas Europeans buy *above* market price.

It is often said that those who advocate leaving NATO are themselves proposing to do the Soviets' bidding. But it is difficult to believe that the Soviets seek a stronger Europe. If it is possible that someone as alertly focused on defense policy as Norman Podhoretz can be mistaken, is it not just as possible that the Soviets can miscalculate, too? Certainly the Soviets, who made a hash of their own economy by embracing the collectivist fallacy, can hardly be expected to recognize the error when their opponents construct their defense policy upon analogous collective lines.

Soviet instructions to Communist parties in Europe have not been to demand a divorce between the U.S. and Europe but to work within the Alliance to 'empty it of its aggressive content'

Or perhaps they do recognize our error. Soviet propaganda after all is not so much aimed at getting the U.S. out of NATO as at ensuring that the Alliance remains weak. According to Senator Malcolm Wallop (who has changed his position since the 1984 Nunn Amendment vote and now supports the Kristol position): "The Soviets are not so simpleminded as to believe that the Alliance must necessarily be bad for them. Indeed, for two decades their instructions to Communist parties in Europe have been not to demand a divorce between the U.S. and Europe but to work within the Alliance to 'empty it of its aggressive content,'" the latter being a quotation from Leonid Brezhnev.

It is striking that the Soviets have never agitated for the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Europe. According to Adam Ulam, director of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University: "Although the Soviets want to encourage tensions between Western Europe and the United States, they may not want to see the United States withdraw or greatly reduce its land forces in Europe. Such a shock might make West European leaders decide they have no choice but to unite politically."

Those who argue for a withdrawal from NATO—and obviously we are talking about a phased withdrawal over several years—believe that in the withdrawal period those voices in Western Europe that favor increased defense spending would tend to become more prominent, while the voices of détente would become less audible. At the margin, beneficial change would occur, spines would stiffen, national pride would recover along with self-reliance. Anti-Americanism would come to seem an odd quirk of the past.

There was mild, admittedly tenuous, confirmation of this several days after what Podhoretz referred to as "the Reykjavik comedy." At that peculiar event, one that no doubt spells an end to the arms-control charade, President Reagan disconcerted our allies by proposing to trade away our intermediate-range missiles in Europe, thus threatening to disconnect (partially) the U.S. from the defense of Europe. Within a week, the European *Wall Street Journal* was delighted to note, it was the "Euro-hawks" whose voices were being heard, not the Euro-doves. And in the *New York Times* James M. Markham wrote: "The virtual abolition of a whole category of nuclear weapons is a tempting goal for Mr. Reagan . . . But for NATO it could mean renewed demands for increased spending on conventional defense when most governments are feeling strapped."

The British response to the Argentine seizure of the Falkland Islands—a long-range, high-risk naval engagement that might have seemed daring to Horatio Nelson and Francis Drake—does not suggest a demoralized nation. It showed what Britain could still do—outside the NATO collective. And it contrasted strikingly with the Greenham Common protestors, demonstrating against cruise missiles on British soil.

Are the British really sinking beneath the waves? Or are they fed up with being on the American dole? (Just because you know something is bad for you does not mean you find it easy to give it up.) Perhaps the Germans are likewise fed up with being reminded who won World War II, and who can't be trusted with nuclear weapons because they're still considered potentially wicked.

The case against NATO is an extension to foreign policy of the argument that inner-city welfare recipients are not innately corrupt but have been corrupted by misguided government programs intended to help them. An important welfare corollary also applies to NATO. Ghetto dwellers may only seem to have been demoralized by the perverse incentives of welfare, rewarding idleness, sexual irresponsibility, and so on; but morality is so rooted in habit that if people are left on welfare for long enough they really will become debased; meaning that if the welfare is removed they will find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to reform.

Likewise, it is no doubt true that if Western Europe stays on U.S. welfare for much longer, the loss of morale that Norman Podhoretz sees as somehow embedded in the cultural genes really will become embedded; so that removing the subsidy at that point really would have the dire consequences that he now foresees. It follows that a change in NATO's structure is not merely necessary but urgent.

Jeffrey Record, a senior fellow at the Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis in Washington, recently wrote in the *Baltimore Sun* that "neither the Truman nor Eisenhower Administrations regarded a large U.S. troop presence in Europe as a permanent fixture within NATO . . . In a letter to a friend in 1951 General Dwight D. Eisenhower, then NATO's supreme commander, wrote that: 'If in ten years all American troops stationed in Europe . . . have not been returned to the United States, then this whole project [NATO] will have failed.'"

Thirty-five years later, our troops are still there, and the natives are getting restless. □

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Exit From NATO?

THE FULDA GAP IS NOT ON THE LAFFER CURVE

Richard Brookhiser

I HAVE BEEN thinking about the NATO problem since 1983, when *The American Spectator* hosted a journalistic junket to Rome, Paris, and London. Tom Bethell went along on that trip too, and for a group of conservatives it was pretty grim. We did manage to find one free-market economist in Italy, but he assured us that, apart from ideological singularity, as a Sicilian he was regarded in Rome, and certainly in Milan, as barely human. There were more free-marketeers in France, but not many, for the intellectual tradition of the French governing classes for the last three hundred years has been *colbertisme*, named after Louis XIV's controller general who believed that the art of taxation consisted in plucking as many feathers from the national goose as possible without making it squawk. Charles de Gaulle's view of the economy and economists was that "the quartermasters" would follow him. Only in Thatcherite England did we find significant soulmates, but even they were hemmed in by socialists and wets. Late one night at a dinner at the Turf Club, one young economist confided to me that the only hope for England's prosperity was for Englishmen to develop the habit of breaking the law.

We didn't spend all that much time talking about NATO. But I think experiences like these play a large role in shaping conservative attitudes on the subject. We, and the anti-NATO crowd in particular, apply judgments and analogies drawn from domestic affairs to an international problem. And I say that's a hell of a way to run a foreign policy.

At the lowest level, the economic critique of the Alliance is based on a desire to punish wastrels. The extravagances that we condemn are not booze and floozies, but Europe's welfare states. If the nations of Western Europe wish to scant their defense budgets for the sake of bloated social programs, that is their business. But America should no longer be expected to foot the bill.

This rough-hewn conservative impulse runs at cross-purposes with one of the favorite arguments of NATO's opponents—that, of all the Western European countries, only France has more spine than an eclair. Considering the *étatisme* of de Gaulle, Pompidou, and Giscard d'Estaing, and the outright socialism of Mitterrand, France's assertiveness in foreign affairs, and its willingness to pay for the means of making its assertions good, must be related to something other than its position on *la courbe Laffer*.

The punitive form of the economic critique collapses altogether when we consider the percentages of the budget and the GNP that Washington spends on the domestic side—percentages with which European spending does not compare unfavorably. A country that can't get rid of the Small Business Administration is in no position to lecture the Europeans on prudence.

But the most important use of the welfare state in the NATO debate is metaphorical. The metaphor is psychological, for it is addressed to the all-important question of national will.

We observe that the United States and its allies are often at loggerheads. In many cases—Central America, Grenada, terrorism, arms control, SDI—our allies take the softer line. Their softness infects the whole political culture, not just the foreign offices. Their "moderates" are more détentist than ours; their Left oppositions are further left. Their peace movements are bigger, and their peacenik demonstrations are larger. The cause of European weakness, according to the NATOphobe, is American strength. By guaranteeing Western Europe's defense, we have deprived Europeans of the incentive to guarantee it themselves. America's nuclear deterrent, and the American troops that serve as its trip wire, are Europe's safety net. The Europeans, relying on its presence, have become an international underclass—demanding, dispirited, and irresponsible.

Supporters of this view cite France as their exhibit A. France, even though it is no longer a great power, alone among the nations of Western Europe behaves like one. When there is strife in Zaire, it flies in Moroccan troops to quell it. It props up an odious client like Bokassa I in the Central African Empire, and then, when he becomes too embarrassing, topples him. It tests atom bombs in the South Pacific, and blows up environmentalists who get in the way. On a continent paralyzed with fear about nuclear power, it has bulled on ahead with its reactor program. Not all of these policies are prudent, and some of them

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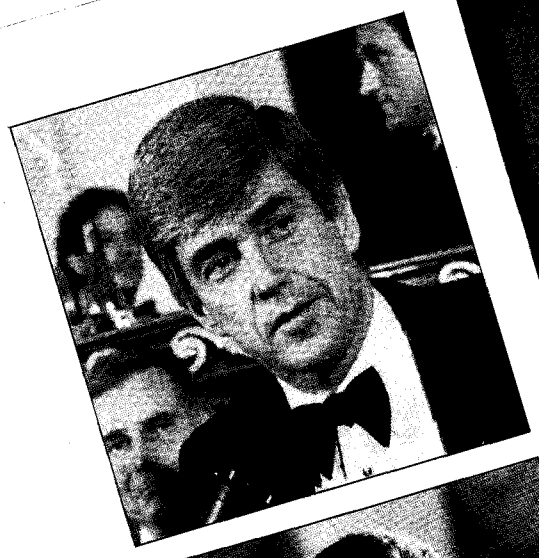

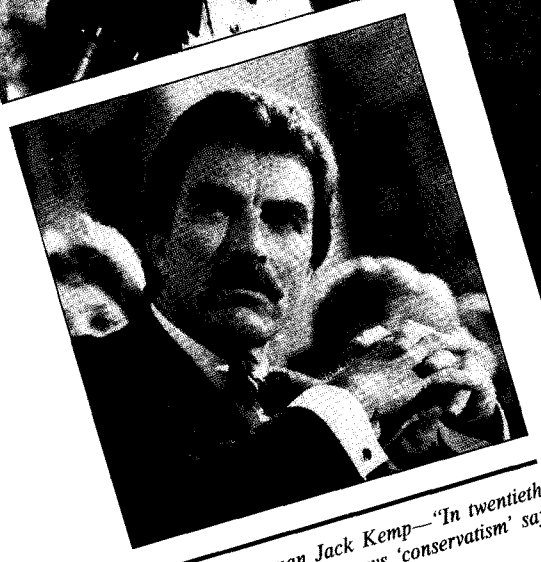

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are unjust; but they are the actions of a "great"—that is, willful—power.

The reason France behaves this way, suggest the NATOphobes, is that, in 1966, de Gaulle took it out of the military-command structure of NATO. Because France cut the apron strings to America, it is now willing to stand on its own two feet.

But this argument, far more cogent than the first, also has its flaws. In the specific instance of France, there is a chicken/egg problem. France's exit from NATO surely bolstered its own self-esteem. But without self-esteem, how could it have left NATO in the first place?

The whole welfare analogy is shakier still. Conservatives oppose welfare essentially because we believe that all men are created equal. Apart from idiots and some cripples, and assuming the state has not regulated the economy to death, everyone is capable of making a living. To arrange livings for men demeans and demoralizes them by depriving them of an aspect of their humanity.

> ***Western Europe relies, ultimately, on American clout. This is not a postwar truth that applied only to impoverished England, humiliated France, and occupied Germany in 1946. It is true today***

But all nations are not created equal. Before World War I, there were seven important powers in Europe. Before World War II, there were thought to be seven important powers in the world. Now there are two. Denmark is not capable of defending itself alone against Russia. Of course, it never was. But England and France are incapable as well. This is not an exercise in false pity, a suffering situation imagined by liberals. It is reality. A free Western Europe has to be a Western Europe that relies, ultimately, on American clout. No European nation can stand on its own. This is not a postwar truth, something that applied only to impoverished England, humiliated France, and occupied Germany in 1946. It is true today.

The recognition of national inequality is the queen of trumps of NATO supporters. NATO's opponents still hold the king: Europe, divided, must fall. But suppose it united?

Western Europe has more people than the United States or the Soviet Union. Its combined GNP exceeds ours; it exceeds the Russians' by a huge amount. France and England, by themselves, have *forces de frappe* whose only purpose is to make the Soviets think twice. (If the Soviets, having thought twice, decided to absorb the counter-blow, they could be confident of erasing France and England from the map.) But Europe together could fashion a nuclear arsenal as potent as the Soviets', possibly more so.

Standing in the way of this salutary development, once again, is the United States. Europe will never make the political and military effort, so long as the obliging Yanks spare it the necessity. By surrendering the leadership of a collection of weak and obstreperous allies, America will prepare the way for the emergence of a strong, confident ally.

What is the ace of the trumps? It is true that Europe has been successfully united before, which makes it conceivable that it might be united again. It's also true that the last time was the Roman Empire, which makes present prospects dim. The last forty years have not been encouraging. For such mountains of talk, the institutional results are mousy. In some respects, Europe has regressed: The Common Market, which was supposed to lower trade barriers, has become a collection of mutually antagonistic protectionists.

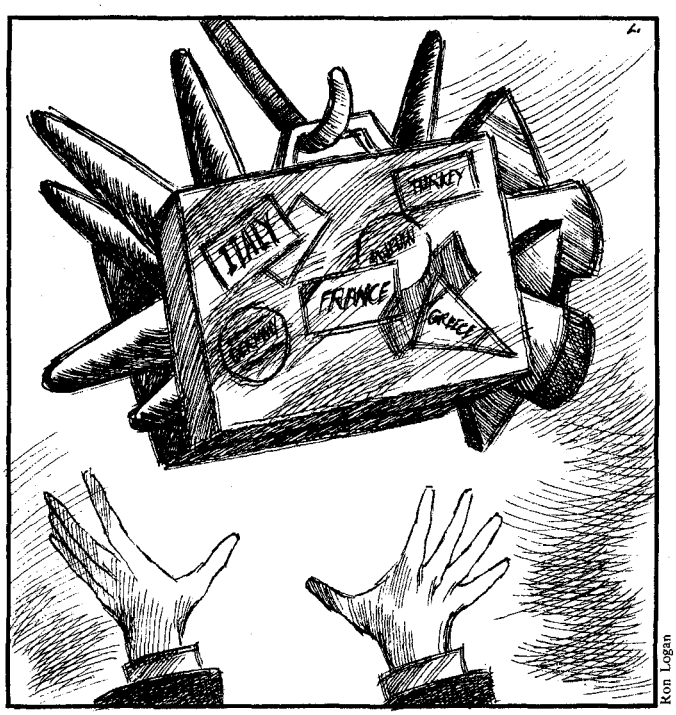
The proposed remedy begins by weakening the one hopeful symptom on the European scene. The strongest useful force, in Europe as in America, is still nationalism. We feel its power, off and on. So does France. Even sleepy England, when Argentine generals snatched the last and least scrap of the Empire, dispatched the Royal Navy and the Gurkhas and got it back. We propose subordinating these forces to grey bureaucrats in Brussels, and their journalistic *claqueurs*.

For if a united Europe is to defend itself effectively, the component nations must be subordinate. Commanding the resources necessary for a working strategic and conventional defense will require federalism, not a continental Articles of Confederation. If the NATOphobes see any signs of an emotional commitment to such a structure in Europe today, they must point them out. So far as I can see, only nationalism these days is warm; internationalism is cold.

I am not arguing that NATO ought to remain unchanged. The most important change would be the integration of a re-armed Japan. (Japan, it is true, does not border on the North Atlantic, but then neither does Turkey.) We will someday thank the daffy Trilateral Commission for opening this line of thought. SDI will also change the structural equation in ways I haven't yet figured out. Who knows, we may finally be able to dispense with the trip wire. More likely, we will have to make NATO a serious fighting force.

Whatever is done, it is best done as an addition to the present structure. The way to build for the future is not to create an international flux today.

Even if the Euros never read Charles Murray. □



Ron Logan

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THE REAL LES ASPIN STORY

ON THE MORNING of September 24, 1986, a few dozen congressmen, senators, and staff shoehorned themselves into the secure, constantly guarded conference room above the Senate chamber to hammer out a compromise defense-spending bill for 1987. The atmosphere was tense.

Barry Goldwater, retiring chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, faced his opposite number in the House, Democrat Les Aspin. Goldwater was unhappy. All of those he had selected to serve on the conference committee were from the Senate Armed Services Committee, honoring the tradition that conferees be chosen from the committee responsible for the bill. Les Aspin had discarded that tradition, passing over several eligible—but conservative—members of his own House Armed Services Committee to appoint liberal congressmen from other committees. They had no particular expertise in defense issues but plenty of interest in seeing that the positions of the Democratic-controlled House prevailed. To Goldwater, that meant a tough conference, with no chance of easy compromise.

Goldwater glanced around the room and fixed his stare on Aspin. "This is unacceptable," he growled. Aspin was unmoved. "If we want to appoint a tribe of Hottentots, we can appoint a tribe of Hottentots," he shot back. The conferees had not even begun to tackle the issues at hand, and already things were getting frosty. Only Senator Dan Quayle, Republican of Indiana, ventured to thaw the ice: "Didn't we deal with them last year?"

Nope. This year was different. This year Les Aspin was fighting for his job. That meant placating the Democratic members of the House, who will decide in January whether he will keep his chairmanship. In particular, it means placating several key liberals who have spearheaded a drive to overthrow him. By appointing left-wing conferees, by digging in his heels on high-profile items like arms control, by enthusiastically chiming in with the White House-bashing of the Democratic leadership, Aspin hopes to win back Democrats he has alienated over the past two years, during which he has sided with the Administration on a number of issues, such as aid to the Contras and funding for the MX missile.

The fight to oust Aspin—prompted partly by policy disagreements, partly by personality clashes, and partly by the quirky pressures of House tradition—could have a dramatic impact on Democratic foreign policy over the next decade. Aspin's efforts to bring the Democrats back into the defense and foreign-policy mainstream could be nullified if he is removed. "If Aspin lost, it would be disastrous for the Democratic Party and for the country," says Philip Burgess, who headed a recent Democratic policy commission. "Those who are twisting his tail are playing with fire. They don't appreciate what they have."

Less than two years ago, Aspin and a coterie of young Democrats staged a coup that swept the sitting Armed Services chairman, octogenarian Mel Price of Illinois, out of power. The frail Price was reputed to nod off in committee hearings, and younger Democrats were anxious to have a more telegenic image to lead their charge against the Reagan Administration. "I think there was a sense that Mel, because of his physical difficulties, gives the impression of not being in command of the situation," House Majority Leader Jim Wright explained at the time. He was being polite. The staff was running that committee.

And so the Democratic caucus passed over five more senior Democrats on the committee and elevated the 46-year-old Aspin to the chairmanship on a 125 to 121 vote. It was the culmination of a month of furious lobbying and, by Aspin's count, some 750 phone calls to fellow House Democrats. Aspin triumphed over the determined opposition of Tip O'Neill, earning the Speaker's undying enmity and dealing another blow to the House seniority system, which has been so battered in recent years.

Liberals thought they were getting a lefty, and so did conservatives. Sam Stratton, the Democratic hawk from New York, was angry. "The House of Representatives has knocked out a guy who supported defense for forty years and put in someone who represents the anti-defense Democrats," he fumed. "If the Democratic Party wants to continue to lose elections, this is the way to do it."

BUT IF Aspin ever had been a committed leftist, he had already glided toward the center. A Yale man, Rhodes scholar, and MIT-trained economist, Aspin first came to Washington as a cost-effectiveness expert for the Pentagon, one of Robert McNamara's "whiz kids." He was elected to Congress in 1970, and soon learned to grab headlines with his Saturday-morning press releases on Pentagon waste. When Al Haig sent his dog around Europe at taxpayer expense, Les Aspin dashed to the mimeograph machine. When Aspin revealed that Pentagon scientists were conducting chemical-warfare tests by gassing beagle puppies, he made the networks.

It wasn't long before Aspin had a reputation as a publicity-craving gadfly cast in the mold of his mentor, Wisconsin Senator William "Golden Fleece" Proxmire. But when Ronald Reagan blew into town in 1981 with a mandate and bundles of cash for the Defense Department, Aspin began to find a new role. He emerged as the

Mr. Brooks and Mr. Osterlund are Washington-based journalists.

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House's most articulate advocate of a muscular Democratic alternative to the Reagan defense agenda. Then, as chairman, he joined with Senator Sam Nunn to lead Democratic "Newthink" on defense matters. He took charge of a powerful anti-anti-defense coalition in the House made up of "young lions" such as Bill Nichols and Dave McCurdy.

Recently, he and his aide Jay Winik wrote the neoconservative-sounding foreign-policy chapter of the Democratic policy document, "New Choices in a Changing America." It was what might now be called vintage Aspin, eschewing defense cuts, slamming the Soviets, and winning praise from internationalists like Morton Kondracke and Charles Krauthammer. "Aspin has undergone an evolutionary transformation," military theorist Edward Luttwak says. Peter Rosenblatt, a close friend of Aspin's and head of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, says that as the political climate shifted from anti- to pro-Pentagon, Aspin shifted his emphasis from procurement waste to strategic reform.

ASPIN IS STILL no conservative. Gregory Fossedal voiced the opinion of many on the Right when, in an *NR* "Capital Bulletin" this fall, he called Aspin a "dove in hawk's feathers." As Fossedal pointed out, Aspin led the recent fight to force the Administration to abide by the unratified SALT II treaty, wants to fund conventional weapons by cutting SDI, and has allowed his committee to make more cuts in conventional defense programs than his rhetoric might suggest. Nevertheless, over the past two years the Left has been far more upset with him than the Right, and with good reason. Indeed, if Aspin talks a better game than he plays, that is largely because being a pro-defense Democrat is still a high-risk occupation, especially within Congress. The fact remains that if there is to be a rebirth of anti-Communism and foreign-policy realism among the Democrats, Les Aspin will have to be present at the delivery.

Aspin's real troubles with his fellow Democrats began in March 1985, when he voted to back the MX missile. Aspin's vote was part of a deal to keep funding alive for the Midgetman, which Democrats tend to support, and to elicit White House arms-control commitments as outlined in the Scowcroft Commission Report. Focusing solely on the MX side of the bargain, Democrats vilified Aspin. "He would not now be chairman except for the votes of a lot of us who believed he would vote against MX," Howard Wolpe told reporters at the time.

In fact, Aspin has repeatedly endorsed the deployment of the MX missile in the framework developed by the Scowcroft Commission. His support for the missile in 1982 was critical to its survival. Nevertheless, a number of lawmakers are certain that Aspin promised them he would vote against the MX in 1985—a few moderates say they voted against the MX only once they received assurances that Aspin would vote against it as well. "He lied to me, and I can never trust him again," says one Democrat who voted to kill the missile. Aspin now maintains that he only promised to reconsider the merits of the MX. But the charge of betrayal stuck.

At last year's defense-authorization conference, Aspin again enraged many of his colleagues. He acceded to the Senate's demand for a fiscal-1986 defense budget of $302.5 billion, some $10 billion more than the House wanted, and then agreed to table a raft of House proposals for military-procurement reform. Again, he appeared to be siding with the Reaganites, not with his fellow House Democrats.

Staunch liberals like Representatives Charles Schumer, Marty Russo, and George Miller were livid. They hauled Aspin into O'Neill's office and raked him over the coals. Aspin had gone too far even for Boll Weevil conservatives like Charles Stenholm, who blasted him at that meeting for allowing the defense budget to grow even as other lawmakers were trimming $7.9 billion from the agriculture bill. Aspin admitted to them that he "screwed up on the conference" and promised to be more attentive to the wishes of the Democratic caucus.

But he infuriated the Left again this June, when he voted to send $100 million in military and nonmilitary aid to the Contras, a reversal of his previous stance. It sent fellow Democrats into orbit.

"I won't be here but I wouldn't vote for him," the retiring Tip O'Neill thundered after the Contra vote. "It has turned out just like I thought it would. He has broken his word with an awful lot of people out there." Representative Edward J. Markey of Massachusetts said, "I voted for Aspin because I thought he would be a progressive. But I wouldn't vote for him again. He's not made good on his promises." Representative David E. Bonior of Michigan threatened, "That vote could've cost him his seat."

Secretly, some Democrats applauded Aspin's boldness on the Contra vote, even if they disagreed with his position. "It's as courageous a vote as I've seen cast," said one liberal Democrat at the time. "As far as I can tell, he had nothing to gain from it, and everything to lose." But it was the last straw for the Democratic Left. The left wing of the party, led by such stalwarts as Representatives Barbara Boxer, Les AuCoin, Miller, and Russo, began plotting Aspin's downfall.

THESE IDEOLOGICAL irritations might have been smoothed over but that the very qualities that enabled Aspin to become a sage of defense policy make him a poor diplomat. "Les wouldn't win any popularity contests here," says a senior House Democrat. "He's arrogant and rubs people the wrong way with his undeniable brilliance."

During last year's MX debate, for instance, he proclaimed on the House floor that those who voted against the missile were helping the Soviet Union. The charge brought an ovation from the Republican side of the aisle, but hisses from the Democrats, who had narrowly elected him only three months earlier. This June, after Aspin had voted for the Contra-aid package, he strolled across the aisle to the Republican side to celebrate its passage.

Nearly everyone in Congress seems to have a favorite Les Aspin story, often involving a breach of some cher-

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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ished if minor congressional custom. Representative Charles E. Bennett of Florida was the second-ranking House Democrat from the Armed Services Committee at last year's conference on the defense-authorization bill. By tradition, he would serve as acting chairman in the sitting chairman's absence. During one of the sessions between House and Senate negotiators, Aspin had to leave. But instead of passing the gavel to Bennett, Aspin handed it over to the committee's senior Republican, Representative William L. Dickinson of Alabama.

IT WAS A double breach of protocol: Not only had the senior Democrat been passed over, but control of the proceedings had been handed to a representative of the Republican minority. "He looked to his right, where Bennett was sitting, and to his left, where Dickinson was, and handed the gavel over to his left. It was amazing," recalls one Democratic House staff member present at the time. "It showed how close he was to the Republicans." Bennett still bristles at the memory of the incident. "It was a personal affront to me," he says. Bennett is now one of the two Democrats actively running to unseat Aspin.

Elections of committee chairmen are conducted king-of-the-mountain style: First, the Democratic caucus will vote Aspin up or down. Then, if Aspin loses, there will be a vote on the alternatives, majority wins. Aspin could conceivably lose the first round and then, after the caucus has had a look at the alternatives, garner a majority on the second go.

Bennett, who ranked second to Mel Price at the beginning of the 99th Congress, has already been passed over once—when the caucus voted Aspin in as chairman in 1985. He is unlikely to be chosen now, though he may pick up some sympathy votes. Last time, instead of maneuvering on his own behalf, he supported Price against Aspin's coup. After Price was voted out, he found himself with only 15 minutes to gather votes. He was flattened by the Aspin juggernaut. Then, calling this "the most difficult day of my life," Bennett made a post-election concession speech to the caucus. He said he bore no ill-will toward his colleagues, and interpreted Aspin's victory only as "a sign of my inadequacies as a person and as a politician." The chamber was silent, as members awkwardly scuffed their feet. "We all expected to go back to our offices and find suicide notes from Charlie Bennett," recalls one lawmaker, who voted for Aspin before, but now vows to vote for Bennett.

The other announced candidate is Representative Marvin Leath of Texas, head of the Boll Weevil coalition of conservative Democrats. But Boll Weevil or not, Mr. Leath has tried hard to move himself to the left recently, getting out in front in favor of sanctions against South Africa, vocally supporting the five arms-control proposals the House attached to the defense bill, even writing blistering letters to the President criticizing his handling of negotiations with the Soviets.

Though he has the third weakest record in the House for supporting Democratic-majority positions, Leath has been drawing support from the far Left, including Barbara Boxer and George Miller of California, Charlie Schumer of New York, and Marty Russo of Illinois. He has even received tacit encouragement from former Berkeley beatnik Ron Dellums of California. "The issue is trust," Leath says, and, through his work on the Budget Committee, he has impressed many ultraliberals with his reliability.

All three candidates, and a few who haven't declared, think they have enough votes to win the election. It's tricky, because congressmen regularly mislead each other on caucus votes, passing off a warm "I'm with you" to each of the rivals. The race will be close. But the peculiar institutional politics of the House seem to be conspiring in Aspin's favor. Leath is 14th in line in seniority, and some members fear that electing him might really trash the seniority system. For that reason black members may shy away from Leath: They would have the most to lose were the seniority system entirely abolished. Despite the reforms of the 1970s, which instituted the current biennial elections for chairmanships, the power of tradition is such that the most senior majority member of a committee is normally chosen. An unusually high proportion of black members hold chairmanships because of their long tenure.

Another point in Aspin's favor is that he has excellent relations with Tip O'Neill's probable successor, the present majority leader, Jim Wright. He is likely to have Wright's tacit support, at the very least.

Aspin is running hard. In October, he campaigned for fellow Democrats from districts with substantial military interests, such as a military base or contractors, hoping to win support from the local congressman. In at least one case, it was to no avail. "I told him that he was welcome to come to my district, but I still wasn't going to vote for him," says one colleague. Some members say he has been more outgoing lately, slapping a few backs, and acting like a regular politician.

To some extent, his efforts have been successful. Former antagonists have been brought back into the fold, some of them because they think Aspin has turned over a new leaf, others because they think he will be too nervous to thwart the will of the caucus in the future. "Aspin's dead," liberal Representative Barney Frank of Massachusetts said back in July. "He ran on a platform that he would represent the caucus and promptly turned around and did not represent the caucus." But now Frank believes that the threat of being unseated has resulted in a more timid, more predictable Aspin. "He's looking better—a nervous Aspin is a good one to have on your side," Frank says. "I suggested to Les that we ought to have annual chairmanship elections. He just giggled."

BUT DESPITE Barney Frank's change of heart, Aspin is still the right choice for the Armed Services chair, even over the more conservative Leath. Aspin has the intelligence and knowledge to persuade colleagues to cross party and ideological lines. Notwithstanding his diligence on the House Budget Committee, Leath doesn't have that clout. Les Aspin, even an intimidated Les Aspin, has the intellectual weight to lead the Democratic mainstream.

For years, the Democrats have been struggling out of the neo-isolationist rut in which they were stuck by McGovernism. Democrats have produced acres of policy statements, each one sounding tougher than the last. But in primary elections and in roll-call votes, the Democratic majority has clung to the McGovern formula. Keeping Aspin at the helm of Armed Services will be one sign that it is ready to let go. □

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RENAISSANCE TIME

LIKE CROCUSES surfacing in early spring, the signs abound that we are heading for seriousness in higher education. Reforms are being talked about *within* the educational establishment, and they are bubbling up through student demand. The best students know that they are being shortchanged.

One notes the recent Carnegie Foundation Report—than which one can imagine nothing more establishmentarian—recommending a "core curriculum" of shared knowledge; the remarks at Harvard of Secretary of Education William Bennett; and the performance of Harvard itself, which, under President Derek Bok, has at least acknowledged the desirability of a core curriculum.

Historically, the relationship between curriculum change and cultural change is nothing less than astonishing. The Renaissance, self-named and self-congratulated, displaced the Medieval Schoolmen with teachers who understood Vergil, Homer, Cicero, Horace, a change that no doubt was necessary to train the "European" educated class.

Over the centuries, curriculum reform follows curriculum reform, always with very great consequences. The displacement of Latin and Greek by English literature and history, as the British Empire took center stage. John Dewey's democratic "experience" theory. The rise of Russian and Chinese courses in translation. Actually learning Chinese or Japanese.

It is useful to think of T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land* as a mode of student rebellion. Harvard president Charles Eliot, a relative of T. S.'s, had made a splash by establishing the elective system, i.e., throwing overboard university responsibility for what a student needs to know. *The Waste Land* was not an elective curriculum. Fragments of the Western, and indeed Eastern, mind are scattered through the poem. If you could not engage *The Waste Land*, well, you did not exist. If you could know Dante and Shakespeare and Wagner and the rest, you might achieve cultural existence, putting the mind of the West back together. Between T. S. Eliot and President Eliot, there was only one winner, T. S., though institutions change slowly.

What remained in 1960 of a "core curriculum" of shared knowledge was shattered in the next two decades by centripetal forces demanding political and moral legitimation. It did not matter that Africa had no Dante or the American Indians no Beethoven or Kant—not even a written language. The buzzy phrases rolled off the smiling lips of culturally subversive deans: "There is no canon." Baldwin and Vonnegut in, Homer and Vergil out.

OBVIOUSLY, all of this had a more or less explicit agenda—the displacement of the particular and distinctive intellectual authority of the West, indeed a challenge to the foundations of Western particularity and distinction, Athens and Jerusalem, from Homer through the present.

The agenda also included enabling courses to be mounted that are, to put it one way, structurally Marxist. These courses aim at creating mini-proletariats, the real proletariat long since having bought speed boats. They aim at creating *people with a grudge*.

I have seen a university catalogue advertising an Amerind Studies course called "The European Invasion of America." Columbus is not welcome here. The colonists spoiled a paradise. In Black Studies courses, students learn about an apocryphal African civilization in some distant mythical past, or else celebrate the absence from Africa of most forms of civilization.

The Carnegie report and Bennett's statement need to be understood against this background. Thus the Carnegie agenda:

> Bolster general-education requirements and require students to study an integrated core of several broad areas: language, art, cultural heritage, the social web of institutions, nature, work, and self-identification.

Secretary Bennett, at Harvard, put it all much more forthrightly:

> Our students deserve . . . a good general education—at a minimum, a systematic familiarization with our own, Western tradition of learning: with the classical and Jewish-Christian heritage, the facts of American and European history, the political organization of Western societies, the great works of Western art and literature, the major achievements of the scientific disciplines—in short, the basic body of knowledge which universities once took it upon themselves as their obligation to transmit . . . from ages past to ages present and future.

If it be seriously asked whether there is a "canon" of necessary books, whether Pushkin is better than pushpin, the answer is easy. Dr. Johnson closed the case with decisive empiricism in his "Preface to Shakespeare":

> To works . . . not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favor.

There also exists a rule-of-thumb definition of a classic, which does not contradict Johnson's empirical definition. A classic deals with a great theme—love, patriotism, justice, friendship, courage, truth, martyrdom—in a profound way. It represents, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, the best that has been thought and said.

The news is certainly getting better. Pushkin is coming in, pushpin is going out, and even Harvard knows it. □

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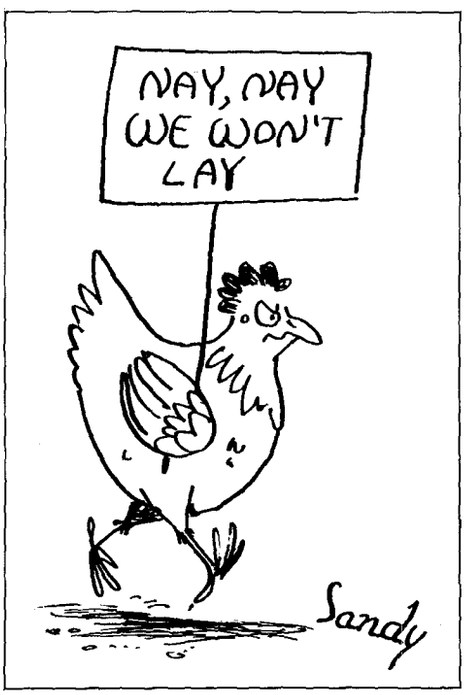

Hostage Stories

While Richard the First was returning
From one of the early Crusades,
The Austrians held him for ransom,
Along with some elegant aides.
Abhorring a dungeon, the monarch
Arranged for the payment in gold,
And, bugged by no blabbing reporters,
For centuries, no one was told.

W. H. von Dreele

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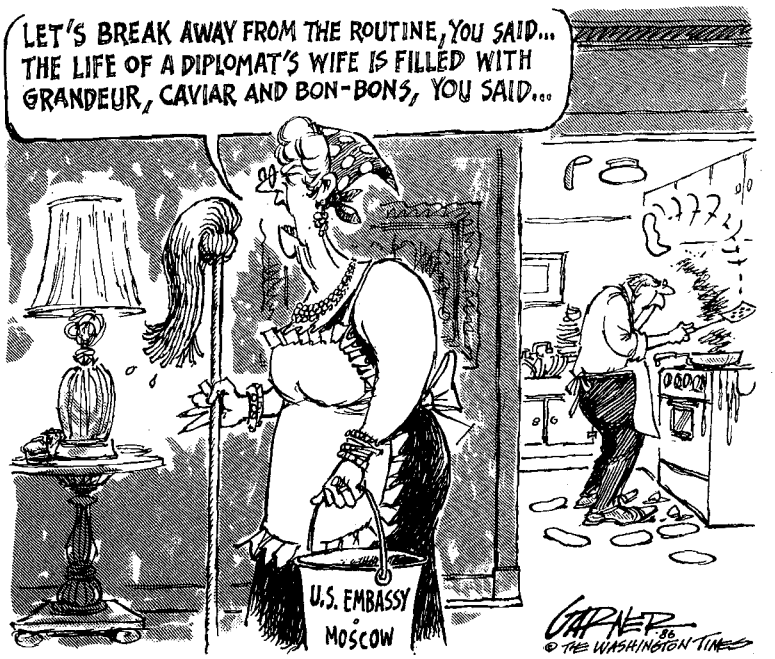
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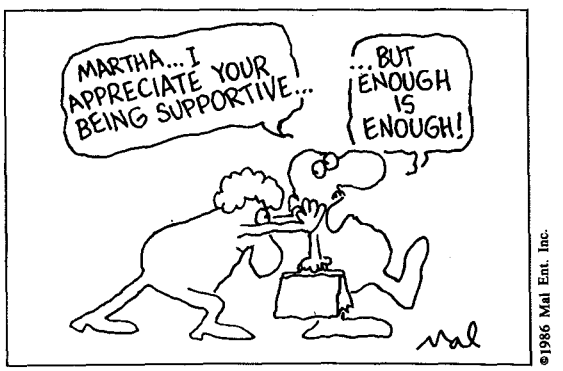

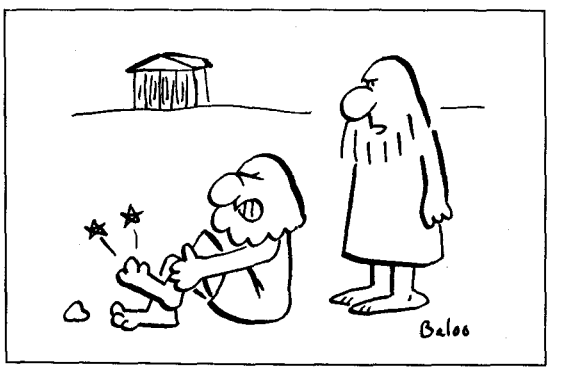

"And you call yourself a Stoic!"

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THE TRUE MEANING OF AUSCHWITZ

An interesting debate broke out in Germany this summer when the historian Ernst Nolte, in an article for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, tried to take a fresh look at the horrors of National Socialism in a worldwide perspective. He emphasized that they were not unique and that they had predecessors as well as successors. He even raised the question whether Stalin's horrors did not have a psychological effect on Hitler and his minions—although he emphasized strongly that one crime does not justify another.

A reply came in due course from the well-known, decidedly leftist philosopher Jürgen Habermas, who sensed in Nolte's study a tendency to belittle National Socialist misdeeds by drawing comparisons. Habermas saw "neoconservative revisionism" at work, not only in Nolte but in three other university professors as well: Michael Stürmer of Erlangen, Klaus Hildebrand of Bonn, and Andreas Hillgruber of Cologne. (Hillgruber had published a book in which he compared the destruction of the old Germany, through the annihilation of its easternmost part and the partition of the remainder, with the terrible fate meted out to the Jews.) Habermas also tried to connect this "new revisionism" with a "NATO philosophy tainted by German nationalism."

The editor of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, Joachim Fest, replied in turn, accusing Habermas of unscientific bias. It is absolutely legitimate, Fest argued, to draw historical comparisons in order to shed light on history; full understanding is possible only by drawing parallels and analogies.

Although I agree that historical comparisons are necessary, I was not happy with the form this controversy took, because it utterly failed to seek out the *origins* of the blood orgies committed by the ideologically kindred regimes of the twentieth century. National Socialism and International Socialism both have their roots in the French Revolution, which set the stage in Europe for the next two centuries.

What united the French, the Russian, and the German Revolutions, and made them so horrible, was Godlessness. Religious fanaticism from the twelfth to the seventeenth century admittedly victimized untold numbers, but this was done *contrary* to the spirit and the letter of the Bible. If a person acts against the basic tenets of his religion you can blame only him, not his religion. Most people know some fine, honest, kind, and altruistic atheists, whom Karl Rahner would have called "anonymous Christians." But they have grown up in our Western civilization, which rests, as Karl Jaspers has told us, on the heritage of Antiquity and on the Bible. The Three Revolutions, however, were programmatically anti-Christian and acted accordingly.

Imagine a young, naïve baker's apprentice in Berlin in the early Thirties whose girlfriend is impressed by the SS men in their smart black uniforms. So he leaves his church and joins that outfit. He gets his training and indoctrination. Then one fine day he is ordered to an extermination camp, and only then does he realize what is going on. He was not prepared for that, and he suffers a sort of nervous breakdown. A sympathetic officer tries to comfort him: "The Jews are evil, they have nearly ruined our people, our race. You wouldn't mind crushing an obnoxious insect, would you? What's the difference? You've heard about evolution; the difference between man and beast is only gradual. So be a real man, be loyal to the Führer, and get going." The boy musters all his strength—and becomes a butcher. The arguments for inhumanity were more or less the same in the USSR.

Man is a transcendent creature, and religion forms one of the most important differences between man and beast. Neither cockroaches nor earwigs, nor even orangutans, pray. Also, human beings, unlike beasts, are attracted by otherness. Therefore men like women; both like to travel, to discover different climes, races, languages, customs, music. But primitive, dehumanized man resents otherness, wants equality and identity. He resents people of another class, with different accents, habits, or looks, and therefore resorts to enforced assimilation, exile, or murder. All this happened in the Three Revolutions.

The French Revolution was already genocidal. And, although its victims were numerically infinitely fewer than those of either Hitler or Stalin, this revolution was *morally* even worse. The National and International Socialists at least made an effort to conceal their worst crimes from the public. In the French Revolution, however, the slaughter went on in broad daylight applauded by the crowds—not just the relatively humane beheadings but the sadistic cruelties at the fall of the Bastille; the public disemboweling of the Princesse de Lamballe, her private parts paraded through the streets of Paris; the frying in butter of a cook's apprentice after the storming of the Tuileries; the delirious sexual atrocities in the Vendée; the ghoulish orgies in the cemeteries, echoed later by the bestialities of the Spanish "Loyalists." It was then that mass murder celebrated its first technological triumph with the guillotine, around which the carmagnole was danced.

Without Divine Revelation man is a Godless beast. This the Bible tells us in Genesis 8:21: "From childhood on the heart and mind of man is set on evil." Or, as Dostoyevsky said: "If God exists, everything is possible; if there is no God, everything is permitted." □

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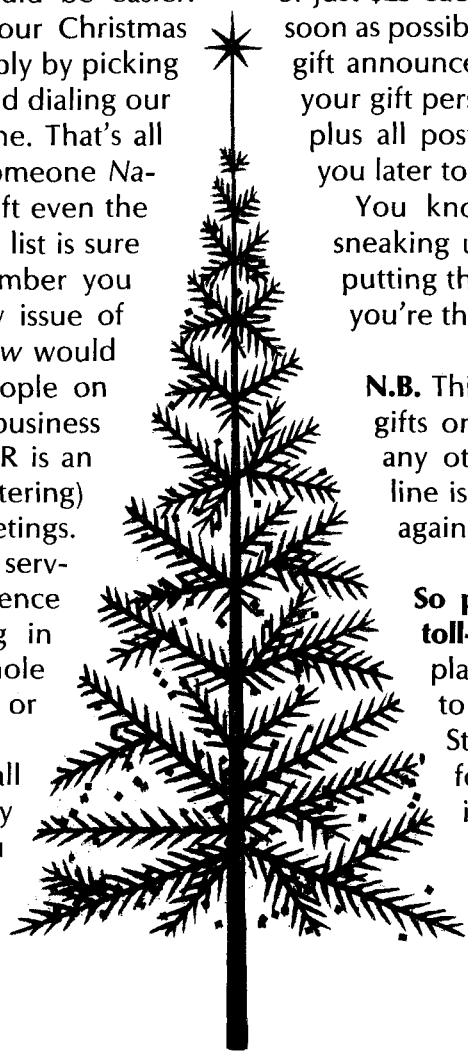

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SPIES IN THE PARLOR

Ralph de Toledano

*No Sense of Evil: Espionage, the Case of E. Herbert Norman, by James Barros (Deneau, 300 pp., $24.95)**

STUDENTS OF ancient history will recall that in 1951 the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee turned up the name of E. Herbert Norman in its researches into the Institute of Pacific Relations, until then perhaps the most successful Soviet instrumentality in subverting U.S. foreign policy in the Far East. At the time, Norman was an important and ubiquitous figure in Canada's foreign service. The very suggestion that he could be a member of an underground Communist apparatus created a minor furor.

When the Senate subcommittee adduced in executive session evidence linking Canadian Foreign Minister Lester Pearson to NKVD operations—Pearson had been Norman's passionate protector—the air turned blue behind the scenes in Washington and Ottawa. Elizabeth Bentley, a former Communist espionage agent whose every statement survived probative tests, told the subcommittee that Pearson, as counselor to Canada's wartime embassy in Washington, had supplied secret information to one of the people she ran. But this shocking information was swept under the rug.

Six years later, when Norman was Canada's ambassador in Cairo, his name surfaced again in testimony before the subcommittee, and this time the reaction was tragically different. Still averring his innocence, Norman curiously confessed that were he to speak fully and frankly, he would incriminate others—and committed suicide. The Senate subcommittee, of course, was condemned for "McCarthyism" and murderous intent. And there the matter lay for many years.

Now James Barros, in *No Sense of Evil*, has reopened the case in a book of such meticulous and damning documentation that it would, if that were possible, convince a Democratic congressman. Ironically, it goes far beyond anything the Senate subcommittee stated or implied, detailing evidence that strongly suggests that E. Herbert Norman was a ranking member of a Soviet espionage apparatus, and that the David to his Jonathan, Lester Pearson, was similarly tainted.

During his long and fruitful career as a Communist and quite possibly an NKVD operative, Norman would disarm those who asked pointed questions by admitting that, ah yes, he had shown interest in Marxist ideology as a student. After all, every young man in the 1930s lubricated his intellect by applying a few pages of the *Communist Manifesto* to his brow. In Norman's case, however, it went far, far beyond this, to that realm of good and evil which borders on and blends into treason.

At Cambridge's Trinity College, Norman was more than a casual visitor to the dialectic. He was an active member of an underground cell that included our own dear Michael Straight. He was formally read into the CP by John Cornford (RIP), who was killed in action in the Spanish Civil War.

In the ensuing years, Norman was there where the Soviet apparatus was poisoning the well. He was a close associate of Philip Jaffe of *Amerasia* espionage fame, of Owen Lattimore and the IPR cabal, of that chief Chinese Communist operative Chi Ch'ao-ting, and of others who lit secret candles for J. Stalin & Co. He did as doth the busy bee at Cambridge, Harvard, Ottawa, Washington, Tokyo, Cairo—and points north, east, south, and west. Hundreds of pages of *No Sense of Evil* give chapter and verse.

In spite of this record—or perhaps because of it—Norman rose steadily in Canada's Department of External Affairs, then Lester Pearson's bailiwick. Posted to the Canadian embassy in Tokyo as a language officer, he was soon its Third Secretary. A hearty letter of introduction from Lester Pearson to Colonel "Wild Bill" Donovan found him an important niche in the Office of Strategic Services, wartime America's top intelligence organization, where he must have met kindred spirits. Then in 1945 he returned to Japan, to become chief of the Research and Analysis section of Counter-Intelligence at General MacArthur's headquarters, where he improved each shining hour by "clearing" Communists and helping bring back to Tokyo the chief of the Japanese Communist Party from his "exile" in Yenan. In 1946 Washington welcomed Norman as First Secretary of the Canadian embassy. He was back in Japan from 1947 to 1950, as chief of Canada's mission at MacArthur's headquarters.

Pearson apparently overplayed his hand by nominating Norman to the tremendously sensitive post of liaison between U.S. and Canadian intelligence services. A queasy FBI already knew that Norman's name, along with that of Klaus Fuchs, the atomic spy, had been found among the papers of a Canadian implicated in espionage by documents that cipher officer Igor Gouzenko took out of the Soviet embassy in Canada when he defected in 1945. There was other troubling information, and the FBI asked the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for its file on Norman. Pearson stepped in and

*Because of the newsworthiness of this book, we are breaking with our usual practice of not reviewing foreign publications. Deneau Publishers is located at 608 Markham Street, Toronto, Ontario M6G 2L8, Canada; telephone 416-530-1035. The price quoted is in Canadian dollars. —CW

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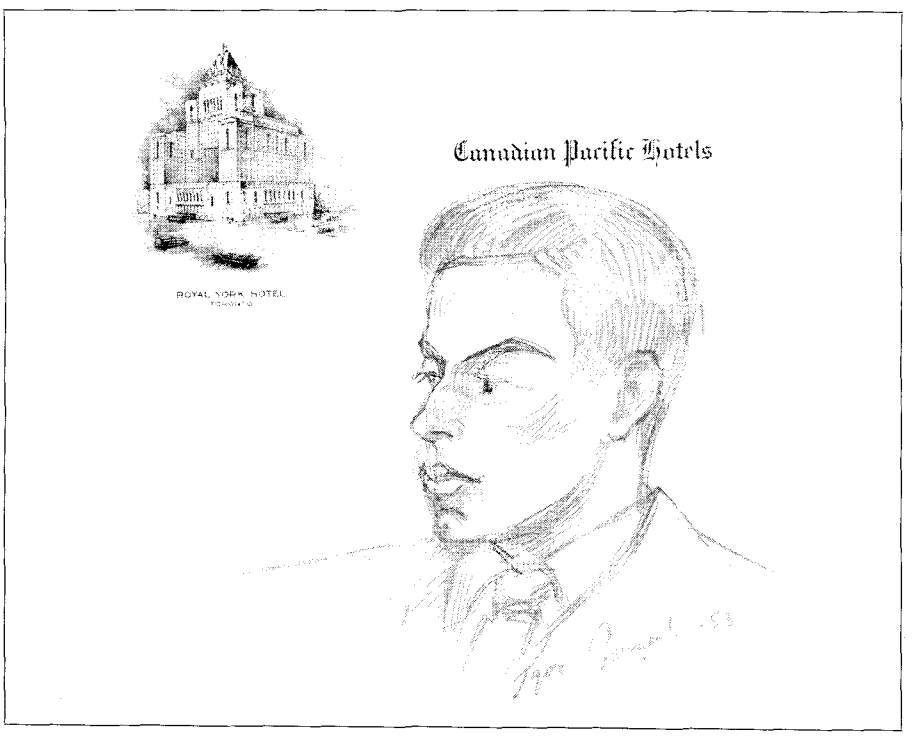
ordered the RCMP—too late—to delay its response. Norman, Pearson said in one of a number of cold and calculated lies, had been fully investigated and cleared by the RCMP.

At this point, let me interject a personal note. I was the first newspaperman to whom Igor Gouzenko gave an interview. Some of that interview was on the record and some off. After a solemn promise that I would never quote him, Gouzenko told me that he lived in deathly fear of being turned back to the Soviets by Lester Pearson. The NKVD, he said, considered Pearson to be *nash*—the Russian word used by the secret police to denote someone they considered "one of ours." Until this writing, I have kept that promise. But Gouzenko is dead and *No Sense of Evil* makes keeping it unnecessary.

Is this story of treason and betrayal in the war and postwar years ancient history? No more so than books that remind us of the Hisses, the Harry Dexter Whites, and the legion of those who covered for them. Canada had a prime minister and a distinguished foreign-service officer. The British tally grows too long to detail, and Germany and France turn up their traitors with grim regularity. Until recently, every KGB defector has brought tidings of Soviet moles in our own intelligence community. And at the United Nations, a myriad of KGB line officers ply their trade with impunity.

Where are the congressional committees that once monitored such things? The message of *No Sense of Evil* is that it happened there, it happened here, and without eternal vigilance it will happen again and again and again. □



Pencil sketch of Ralph de Toledano made by Igor Gouzenko during the course of their interview in 1953

THE MAN YOU HATE TO LOVE

J. O. Tate

Napoleon 1812, by Nigel Nicolson (Harper & Row, 192 pp., $16.95)

The War of the Two Emperors: The Duel between Napoleon and Alexander: Russia, 1812, by Curtis Cate (Random House, 488 pp., $24.95)

NAPOLEON'S disastrous invasion of Russia is a vertiginously exciting, depressing, and unsettling subject; and for a host of confused and confusing reasons. One such reason is the six-month-long invasion itself—an exotic, titanic, tragic spectacle. But even here there is the question of point of view. Tolstoi's *War and Peace* must make us "Russian" in some way, indelibly. Yet Tolstoi's fictional dismemberment of Napoleon is itself a tribute to the force of what is denied—not only Napoleon, but the "modernization" he represents. The young men of the novel pay homage to that allure, as do other young men limned by Balzac, Stendhal, and Dostoyevsky. So we moderns are returned inevitably to an unwilling identification with that whirlwind of action, Napoleon—a cult hero to some; the key transitional figure of modern history to others; to many, the most repellently magnetic, the most attractively repulsive person we can name. No sooner have we exclaimed, "What a man!" than we must add, "And what a son of a bitch!"

The paradoxes are as irreducible as they are familiar. The product of the Revolution—that agile surfer on a tidal wave—ended the Revolution by entrenching, codifying, and exporting it. The great general was a master bureaucrat; the Little Corporal became an emperor; the paragon of the Will to Power posed as a friend of the Church. Even as the Continent turned against him, Napoleon conquered the hearts and minds of artists and writers, of composers and politicians, of the young everywhere. But perhaps the greatest confusion of all is the contradiction between Napoleon's evocation of nationalist zeal (including that against himself) versus his appeal to the ancient dream of a world state. Like the ancient Roman, this warrior saw himself as a peacemaker. He was keenly aware of Alexander the Great, of Julius and Augustus Caesar. But today we must consider with something less than imperial assurance the similarity of Napoleon's foreign policy in 1812 and Adolf Hitler's in 1941. Hitler talked of conquering India, and Napoleon carried a map of the Punjab into Russia.

Nigel Nicolson says that Napoleon was "not a civilized man," by which he seems to mean that Napoleon had

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE DECEMBER TITLES: In *Modern American Religion: Volume I: The Irony of It All, 1893-1919* (Chicago, $24.95), Martin E. Marty traces the tension between those religionists who rejected modern culture and those who sought to accommodate belief and practice to it, from the meeting of the World Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893 through World War I.

With the publication of *Monty: Final Years of the Field Marshal, 1944-1976* (McGraw-Hill, $29.95), Nigel Hamilton's three-volume biography—covering the Normandy landings, the German surrender, and Montgomery's postwar career—is completed. . . . In *Retaking the Philippines: America's Return to Corregidor and Bataan, July 1944-March 1945* (St. Martin's, $18.95), William B. Breuer recounts the military—and political—events between MacArthur's promise, "I shall return," and the dramatic landing that occurred three years later.

Daniel Mark Epstein's *Star of Wonder* (Overlook/Viking, $15.95) is a collection of nine autobiographical essays by the poet and prose writer who won, in 1977, the American Academy of Arts and Letters' Prix de Rome in literature.

☐ COMING IN JANUARY: *Reston's Washington* (Macmillan, $17.95) is the successor volume to James Reston's first collection of columns, *Sketches in the Sand.*

In *Perón and the Enigmas of Argentina* (Norton, $22.95), Robert D. Crassweller gives an interesting account of Perón, Peronism, and the Argentinian culture that produced them.

Citizen Murdoch (Dodd, Mead, $17.95), by Thomas Kiernan, is a frankly stated, and at times coruscating, biography of Rupert Murdoch, the Australian-born press magnate, whose empire, the author believes, "will soon be the most far-reaching and pervasive in history.

☐ DUE OUT IN FEBRUARY: *The Second Oldest Profession* (Norton, $19.95), by Philip Knightley, is a dyspeptic look at the international intelligence agencies, which the author—an espionage specialist for London's *Sunday Times*—regards as at once an international bureaucracy and a major growth industry. —CW

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bad manners and no scruples. Here's the rub: In a sense, in his Carolingian imagination, Napoleon was the most civilized man of his day, a "good European" who put a torch to rot. Challenging the mercantile empire of England as well as the thrones of Europe, Napoleon was a force for rational order, as well as a source of war and disorder. Mr. Nicolson speaks from a British tradition, established by Sir Walter Scott, of demonizing the Upstart. But his is a lucid, sophisticated, even provocative work.

Mr. Nicolson's book, although slighter and less ambitious than Mr. Cate's, is the better produced in terms of maps and orders of battle. Mr. Nicolson implies that Napoleon's invasion of Russia was an episode in the struggle for mastery of the Eurasian landmass. References to Charles XII of Sweden and digressions or flash-forwards to Guderian and Von Kluge—to Hitler's invasion of Russia—give his modest work a great historical sweep. His gentlemanly detachment and reserve only heighten the import of his meditation on history, and perhaps even provoke consideration of the tangled, tormented situation of today. Reagan and Gorbachev at Reykjavik were discussing considerations known to the French and Russian emperors. So much has changed; but, even in a nuclear age, so much hasn't. An atomic umbrella now conceals another terror: The conventional forces of the East, not the West, are the ones today poised for an invasion—one that would represent far more than a physical occupation.

Such was not the case when the Russians entered Paris in 1814—the best-behaved troops that did so—as representatives not only of Russian power, but of Russian piety, duty, and a vision of the order of Europe. But we can't compare the relatively civilized and limited Russian forces of the early nineteenth century to those since the Soviet consolidation of power, which have been "unlimited" by definition—except by countervailing force and atomic bombs. Today the mantle of Caesarism falls on the sui-generis metastasis of state power represented by the Soviet Union itself.

Nicolson shows us a Napoleon who by 1812 had become an oddly abstracted man, one who could no longer function with his fabled concentration, flexibility, and shrewdness. Enchanted but also flummoxed by his own pseudo-imperial grandeur, the old fox had become a fool. When finally Napoleon got the big set-piece battle he wanted—one just right for diagrams and genre paintings—he had little to contribute to the proceedings, except to prevent, at Borodino, the commitment of his reserves. That fierce contest was full of sound and fury, but signified nothing strategically. Hadn't Napoleon been warned repeatedly that Czar Alexander was no doddering monarch who would sue for peace as soon as a big battle was fought nearby?

Napoleon's dithering was exposed by his dawdlings at Vilna, Vitebsk, Smolensk, and Moscow. Self-divided, he had finally found the man who would destroy him: himself. In episodes at the end of the campaign, he recovered in desperation some of his audacity. But even Napoleon's crossing of the Berezina was due more to the incompetence of the Russian leadership and the courage of the French engineers and soldiers than it was to any Napoleonic genius or daring.

Curtis Cate's treatment of this story is something else—less a reflective survey of history than a novelistic, even epic panorama of personalities in conflict. Mr. Cate employs a quasi-Homeric technique of characterization that lends his broad canvas force, vivacity, and focus. Consider one of many strands: the depiction of that courageous and outrageous cavalryman, Joachim Murat. He comes on stage with spurs jangling and plumes swishing. We could not know him more immediately or more completely if he were "Hector, tamer of horses":

> With his horizontally striped chamois-hued vest, a short cloak of gold-embroidered green velvet, amaranth-red trousers, polished yellow boots, and a quarter-moon marshal's hat magnificently plumed with aigrettes and ostrich feathers, the intrepid cavalryman had lost none of his inimitable panache.

Murat is but one figure in a great tapestry, a "polychrome pageantry," a grand unfolding of drama, eloquence, and action. We have the two emperors, an array of diplomats and politicians, a panoply of marshals and generals, soldiers and civilians whose numbers proliferate into a web of life stretching across Europe. Aware that he partly intends to dismantle the military myths broadcast in *War and Peace*, Mr. Cate has not flinched from the challenge of competing with the Russian master of representation, of scene, of the grand scale set off against the enlivening detail.

One seemingly wild story that Mr.

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Cate tells strikes a particularly prophetic note. In 1812 the Russians actually planned to bomb Napoleon's army from a hot-air balloon. This improbable, mind-blowing anecdote anticipates in antique miniature and with poetic concentration the development of air power through World War I, on to Dresden and Hiroshima, and on to the intercontinental ballistic missile, mutual assured destruction, and the Strategic Defense Initiative. Here the saga of 1812 is "modern" with a vengeance.

The symphonic breadth of Curtis Cate's book is due not only to his imaginatively stirring writing, but also to a formidable amount of research into original sources. His treatment of "the Polish problem" is to the point, raising bitter memories of other betrayals before and after 1812. We must also note historical sources of beauty, in the words of Armand de Caulaincourt and the Comte de Ségur, whose idioms embody a specifically French mode of rhetoric, one with classical roots, one exploited by Napoleon and also by General de Gaulle. These tonalities speak volumes about the siren-spell of *la gloire*, which drew so many into calamity in Russia and which remains a political and rhetorical instrument not unknown in the France of today.

Though we may no longer read certain verses of Victor Hugo or the "Brigadier Gerard" stories of Conan Doyle, the Napoleonic career still has an insidious fascination. Is it necessary to add that, compared to Bonaparte, every bloody-minded pipsqueak dictator in a jumpsuit, every banana-republic tinhorn tough-guy in sunglasses (and, yes, every pork-belly-futures-chasing Yuppie to boot) is but a defective clone? Beware of imitations.

Napoleon wasn't the Man You Love to Hate—his coarse and demented imitator, Hitler, was that. No, he is instead the Man You Hate to Love. His treatment of France as a soldier-breeding station and his invasion of Russia are great historical images of total war, of war brought home—of the unleashing of all forms of violence into a totalitarian frenzy. In the case of 1812, because of Tolstoi's very Russian and also universal genius, the victims we remember first are the Russian people. But today the Russian people are orchestrated into a monstrosity of absolute statism that makes Napoleon's Continental System seem quaint. The greatest tensions summoned by the story of Napoleon in Russia are deep-seated contradictions of emotion, culture, and politics so enmeshed in our minds that no clarity of exposition could ever relax them. And that is why Mr. Nicolson and Mr. Cate, in their diverse and urbane ways, no matter how specific they are, write of now as well as of then. In spite of revolutionary changes, and because of them, the "War of the Two Emperors" continues—with the sides complexly reversed. □

A MODERN BYRON

Jeffrey Meyers

Conversations with Ernest Hemingway, edited by Matthew Bruccoli (Mississippi, 204 pp., $22.95 cloth; $11.95 paper)

HEMINGWAY, a modern Byron, was the most charismatic American author of our time. As an old newsman, he knew the value of publicity and always told lively if inaccurate stories. At 47, he looked virile enough "to make bobby-soxers swoon by the droves." Even in New York, he shot ducks, boxed in Stillman's Gym, and acted like his fictional characters. He emerged from the African jungle, after two plane crashes, clutching a bunch of bananas and a bottle of gin, exclaiming: "My luck—she is running very good." During the interviews at the end of his life, the public personality displaced the serious writer.

Matthew Bruccoli, an authority on Hemingway, has diligently disinterred forty interviews, some quite obscure, that were published between 1919 and 1965. The early ones are superficial, the later ones inevitably repetitive, and they reinforce rather than revise the familiar image. Perhaps unable to secure rights or pay the fees, Bruccoli has omitted two of the most important interviews—Malcolm Cowley's in *Life* (1949) and Lillian Ross's bitchy *New Yorker* piece (1950)—as well as minor ones by Jackson Burke and William Dawson.

Bruccoli has also been constricted by the format of this "Conversations" series, which allows only a brief introduction, offers a chronology that repeats rather than expands the book list on a previous page, and deliberately reproduces typographical errors in the original version, reprinting "his eyes never left my fact" (instead of "face"). This format provides no information about the authors and their relation to Hemingway (Milt Machlin wrote a vulgar book about him; George Plimpton was a disciple and friend) and no annotations of the text. But it is essential to know, for example, that the "irresponsible biography" of Lawrence of Arabia was by Richard Aldington, that the Nobel Prize-winner's boring rewrite of the Bible was Faulkner's *A Fable*, and that the girl for whom Hemingway wrote *The Old Man and the Sea* was his young Italian love, Adriana Ivancich.

Despite these considerable limitations, this book is full of fascinating things about Hemingway's true character and public image, the facts and myths of his life, his honest revelations and his boastful claims. Only the best interviewers—Plimpton, Kenneth Tynan, Robert Manning—were able to penetrate Hemingway's mask and perceive that the real man was, despite the tough-guy legend, "a giant child made gruff by shyness," knowledgeable on subjects that interested him and deeply dedicated to his art. He offered judgments rather than opinions and frankly told one interviewer: "The fact that I am interrupting serious work to answer these questions proves that I am stupid."

Hemingway relates that as a reporter he disliked asking people questions about their private lives, that he was distributing cigarettes when wounded in the war, wrestled with Max Eastman (who had accused him of wearing false hair on his chest), never won a major prize until 1953, and never sold a share of stock. He contributed to his own myth by claiming he had run away from home to become a boxer, fought with the Italian army at Caporetto, returned to the front until the Armistice, and had a silver kneecap.

Hemingway admitted that *To Have and Have Not* was a group of short stories that did not make a very good novel; but he unwisely claimed, when writing one of his weakest works, that as a writer he had "moved through

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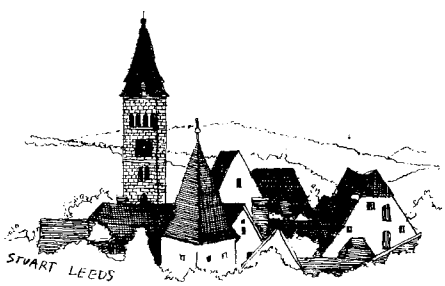
arithmetic, through plane geometry and algebra," to calculus. During the Spanish Civil War, propagandizing for the Loyalists, he maintained that the Insurgents were doomed to defeat and asserted that tales of executions by his side were untrue—though he later described them brilliantly in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. In the 1950s, he forgot his own Catholic conversion in the 1920s and insisted: "It was bad enough for a woman to be converted, but for a man, it was unforgivable."

Hemingway, somewhat surprisingly, praises Angus Wilson's homosexual novel *Hemlock and After*, but criticizes the work of younger rivals that clearly shows his influence: Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March*. He is especially good on the origin of his works and gives valuable advice on the craft of writing. He describes how he wrote three stories in one day during a hot streak in Madrid ("Why don't you try to write just one more? the waiter asked") and how he got the idea for *The Sun Also Rises* when put in a genito-urinary ward with many soldiers who had groin wounds. He explains that his fictional hero, Jake Barnes, "was capable of all normal feelings as a *man* but incapable of consummating them."

Hemingway acknowledges the influence of the *Kansas City Star* style book, which emphasized clarity, conciseness, and accuracy and taught him to write a simple declarative sentence. He always rereads what he has written before starting to write, and stops when he is writing well so it will be easy to continue the next day. He writes of the things he feels deeply about and invents out of his own knowledge in order to make his work become part of the reader's experience. He always tries to "write on the principle of the iceberg. There is seven-eighths of it under water for every part that shows. Anything you know you can eliminate and it only strengthens the iceberg." Since he always wrote best when he was in love, Hemingway had (as Scott Fitzgerald observed) a new woman for every major book.



In his Nobel Prize speech Hemingway self-reflectively observed that as a writer grows in public stature, "he sheds his loneliness and often his work deteriorates." When he was broken in health and spirit, and could no longer remember or write, he chose to kill himself, as his father had done: "It's everybody's right, but there's a certain amount of egotism in it and a certain disregard of others." □

THE HEN, THE GOOSE, AND THE WREN

Loxley F. Nichols

The Correspondence of Flannery O'Connor and the Brainard Cheneys, edited by C. Ralph Stephens (Mississippi, 220 pp., $24.95)

THIS BOOK'S TITLE is cumbersome and slightly misleading, too. The book contains an almost complete set of the letters Flannery O'Connor wrote to the Cheneys and the ones Brainard Cheney wrote to her; but the letters from Frances Neel Cheney are missing, since she did not keep copies of her own correspondence. Thus, even though more than half of Miss O'Connor's 117 letters are addressed either solely to Fannie or to both husband and wife, Mrs. Cheney, a professional librarian, remains on the periphery of this exchange. And, even though the bulk of the 188 letters are written by Flannery O'Connor, the major figure in this correspondence, which spanned the last 11 years of Miss O'Connor's life, is Brainard—or Lon—Cheney, a member of the Nashville literary circle who was also a reporter, political advisor, and speechwriter. It is his interests, his activities, and his personality that predominate.

Nevertheless, the O'Connor fan will find here a small but rich cache of anecdotes, descriptions, and asides as the writer chips away the superfluities around her to reveal miniature gems of human comedy. As usual, the most entertaining of these emerge from the life at Andalusia that she and her mother, Regina, shared with farm tenants, field hands, and other assorted birds she collected or attracted. Just home from a visit with the Cheneys, Miss O'Connor writes of Regina's latest ordeal with the farm children:

> Regina was supposed to have Hedwig spend three nights with her but Miss Hedwig attended a double feature twice, a total of five hours in the local theater, on the afternoon before she was to render this service and was thus unable to. She came over with a long vague face, Regina said, and said she felt like she was "almost going to vomit" so Regina told her to go home and do it and send Alfred. Alfred is nonconversational but he loves to visit so Regina said she sat on the porch with Alfred until she was blue in the face and finally asked him if he didn't think he ought to go up and go to bed. He said well he would but he wasn't sleepy yet, so she said well wouldn't he like something to eat and he said well what did she have. So she fed him for the next half hour and that made him sleepy. The next two nights she told him not to come until he was sleepy. He is 15. She always seems glad to have me back.

Of course, Miss O'Connor is also perspicacious in capturing the literary milieu at home and abroad. On the reviews of *Wise Blood*: "The one in the *Manchester Guardian* was a little weird, said the scoffers won and that the hero was focused throughout in a gaze of devoted lunacy. I have just about decided that is the way I will focus everything from now on." On local audiences: "After the talk, one lady shook my hand and said, 'That was a wonderful dispensation, honey.' Another lady said, 'What's wrong with your leg, sugar?'" Addressing Catholics on Catholic readers: "I did tell them that the average Catholic reader was a militant Moron. They sat there like a band of genteel desperados and never moved a face muscle. I might have been saying the rosary to them."

In *Mystery and Manners* a similarly caustic remark is leveled at would-be writers: "Everywhere I go I'm asked if I think the universities stifle writers. My opinion is that they don't stifle enough of them." Yet we have only to look at *The Habit of Being* to see that Miss O'Connor's public pronouncements were often harsher than her private allowances. She did indeed offer friends of lesser talent not only guidance but encouragement, and in these new letters we see the many ways she extended herself for Cheney, whose perceptive review of *Wise Blood* had led to their acquaintance.

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Miss O'Connor's letters to the Cheneys lack real intimacy, and their subtle reserve stands in sharp contrast to Cheney's effuse and often volatile style. Nonetheless, she lends warm and friendly support to Cheney's theater projects, political causes, and literary efforts. She allows her name to be placed on various committees he organizes, she sends him detailed critiques of his novels-in-progress, and she is instrumental in having a novel of his reviewed by the *Atlanta Constitution*. These letters collectively document a generosity of spirit and, yes, a gentleness in Miss O'Connor that only a reader of her personal prose can fully appreciate.

For his part, Cheney is exceedingly polite, sometimes to the point of fawning. Thanking the O'Connors for their recent hospitality, he begins, "Never such comprehensive succor and solace extended me in one weekend! Body and soul!" He can also be indelicate (detailing a stay in the hospital for a complaint that is ultimately diagnosed as gas), silly ("wee Lonnie and Fannie have a mind to pop ye a call"), and maudlin ("I'm a sodden sinner—this isn't a confession, it's a chronic state that I only half work at. Mercy, mercy, mercy . . ."). The posturing in his early letters tends to cloy, but it does not conceal the genuineness of his affection for and admiration of Miss O'Connor, and it does give way to more natural (if residually self-absorbed) expression as he settles into the security of long-term friendship.

Apart from arbitrary applications of "*sic*" and a few minor but distracting typographical errors, Ralph Stephens has done a creditable job with the mechanics of his task as editor. He presents the letters straightforwardly and respectfully, providing explanatory footnotes where needed. In doing so, he has succeeded in his effort to "reveal a relationship," for these letters tell of a friendship based on socializing by three Southerners who liked to "visit"—and did so frequently—in person, by telephone, and by mail. As Miss O'Connor wrote in one of her earlier letters: "I am planning to paint, draw, or somehow perpetrate, a memorial of my visit. It will depict the buff Orpington hen dining with the goose and the wren."

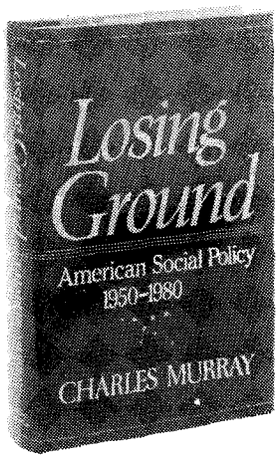
There is a cocoon of sorts formed here when we read the letters of these friends. We enter their domain, and for a brief time we become a part of a small, exclusive sphere. Not until we recall *The Habit of Being* do we shed this fabrication, remembering the expanded circle of Flannery O'Connor's true universe of letters. □

FILM

CUES FOR PASSION

John Simon

THE COLOR OF *The Color of Money* is dismal. I am speaking metaphorically; but even literally, despite good color cinematography by Michael Ballhaus, the color of Martin Scorsese's new film, about which nothing seems



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very new, is wrong. Pool halls and the near-slums surrounding them look better in black and white, as Robert Rossen shot *The Hustler*, to which this is a sort of sequel. Sequels, by the way, seldom look good in any color.

Like its predecessor, *The Color of Money* is based on a novel by Walter Tevis, with which, I gather, it has next to nothing to do. The former pool wizard Fast Eddie Felson is now a prosperous, middle-aged Chicago liquor salesman, who instructs Janelle, the barmaid he is seducing, in how to hustle customers with an adequate little hooch dispensed from bottles with fancy labels. He no longer shoots pool, merely stakes young hustlers for the lion's share of their winnings. Discovering a superb nine-ball player in Vincent, a young toy salesman, he proposes to educate this loud-mouthed, swaggering, crowing kid, hellbent on being best, into a successful hustler, which means dumping a few games to come in for the kill—dirtying your game to clean up. To turn the somewhat recalcitrant Vincent into a thorough little crook, Eddie enlists the boy's girlfriend, the hard-bitten Car-

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

AS PRINTED ON both jacket and cover-board spine, the subtitle of *Forty Years against the Tide* (Regnery Gateway, $18.95), by Senator Carl T. Curtis and Regis Courtemanche, and with an introduction by Russell Kirk, is "A Washington Memoir"; while, according to jacket front and title page, it is "Congress and the Welfare State." Of the two, the second is the more accurate: Too often, in the course of this volume of 443 pages, the amiable senator disappears from view beneath the onset of the tide he so staunchly battled for forty years.

Still, the text, as history, has a power quite unrelated to autobiography. The writing is clear, dignified, elegant, and at times eloquent: The authors have a gift for making bureaucratic legislative history appear exciting, while the accounts of the labor-racket investigations of the late Fifties, the Billie Sol Estes case, and the Bobby Baker case are models of their kind. (There is a quaintness, a picturesqueness, about yesterday's political scandals that makes reading about them as much fun as reading a good travel book.) However, the first chapter, "The Road to Washington," gives such a vivid sense of Nebraska society in the early part of this century as to leave the reader—or anyway *this* reader—somewhat disappointed when, with the ensuing chapter, the little homelinesses of autobiography drop from the picture.

Carl Thomas Curtis, born in the little town of Minden, Nebraska, in 1905, left Nebraska Wesleyan University when his mother was permanently invalided and completed his education by three years' private study with a practicing lawyer, supplemented by the 14 volumes of the La Salle Extension Law Course. His career as a U.S. congressman had its origin in the summer of 1938, when, after successfully defending a hog-purchaser charged with defrauding an auction barn, he decided to capitalize on his success by challenging the Democratic incumbent on the Republican ticket. Against all expectation but his own, he won, by what was to prove the first of many substantial margins. From 1939 to 1954 he held a secure seat in the House of Representatives, and he went on to serve four terms as a United States senator, retiring at last in 1978, still hale and hearty but unwilling to risk the application of what he called "waning powers" to a highly responsible position.

Carl Curtis sat in Congress through eight Presidents' Administrations, to each of which he applied a remarkably consistent scrutiny, having identified, right at the outset of his career, the besetting illusions that endangered the American Republic. In his first months as a congressman he had the opportunity to vote against Roosevelt's so-called "Spend-Lend bill"—another of the President's discredited pump-priming efforts—as well as to oppose the Administration's active drift toward war. Well before the conclusion of World War II Congressman Curtis was concerned by the extent to which the Federal Government had become a partisan of organized labor, destroying thereby its ability to act as a neutral arbiter of labor-management disputes. His activities as a minority member of the select committee investigating the Administration's assault on Montgomery Ward & Co. in 1944 pointed the way toward Taft-Hartley's restructuring of the labor world as created by the Wagner Act of 1935, and prefigured his investigations of 13 years later, in company with Senator Goldwater, into the immunity of labor unions and their racketeering bosses.

In the immediate postwar years, Curtis was quick to identify all the major destructive political and social trends, which he made it his life's work to forestall. He was among the earliest in Congress to foresee the collapse of Social Security, as well as the ballooning of the federal debt to its present disastrous proportions. (In the first session of the 82nd Congress, in 1951, Representative Curtis introduced a proposed constitutional amendment for a balanced budget; as a senator, he tackled the problem in 1957, and again in 1978.) In the late Forties and early Fifties he fought the school hot-lunch program (which led just where Curtis said it would, into a multi-billion-dollar involvement on the part of Washington in the state and local school systems) and an array of federal housing programs; in the Sixties, he opposed Medicare. (On the other hand, he developed the legislation that led ultimately to the Individual Retirement Account plan.) Upon his retirement from the Senate in 1978, he told Joseph Califano, Secretary of HEW: "Every Secretary of HEW always has longed for the time when Senator Curtis would be defeated, retire, or die. You are about to see that come to pass; I am retiring." Senator Goldwater—with whose campaign Curtis was closely associated, having served as the Goldwater floor manager at the Cow Palace convention—called him "the little tiger."

Though not nationally spectacular, Senator Curtis's career is a monolith: the opposite of those sad Civil War statues below the Mason-Dixon line whose marble substance all too often testifies to the insubstantial dream. Nobody has yet built to him a statue, but he himself has written a fine book—probably the most enduring monument within any man's grasp. □

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men, who grasps that greenbacks are greener than pool-table felt.

Soon the three of them are off on an odious odyssey through Midwestern poolrooms. Eddie will even grope Carmen while Vincent is playing, to bring out the killer in him, and makes it look as if Vincent will lose her if he doesn't get quickly, crookedly rich. Thus *The Color of Money* effectively undermines the moral values of *The Hustler* (1961), where Eddie, upon defeating the repulsive champion, Minnesota Fats, quits the game rather than serve the murderous gangster who wants to control him. These days, though, *The Color of Money* would not sell if a) it weren't about redemption, however speciously conceived, and b) it didn't have a loud and obnoxious rock score (compiled by Robbie Robertson) to drown out much of Richard Price's catchy, streetwise dialogue.

So we build up to the salvation of Eddie's soul by making him play again, middle-aged and out of practice though he be, with the aim of defeating the monster he has unleashed on the world. This cathartic triumph of Frankenstein over his creature is to take place at Atlantic City's 9-Ball Classic. Aside from the vagueness of why Eddie suddenly changes from Mephistopheles to a combination of Faust and Marguerite, there are quite a few other problems here, starting with the way Eddie regains his greatness. All he needed was a good pair of eyeglasses, which gives the gadget-crazy Scorsese a chance to shoot complicated ophthalmological apparatus in action, not to mention hocus-pocus with focus as Eddie's vision grows hawklike again. This reminds one of nothing so much as those old Hollywood movies where the mousy, yearning secretary needed only to remove her specs to knock her rich, handsome boss dead.

Throughout, the pyrotechnical Scorsese revels in getting Ballhaus to shoot the shooting of pool with ever more resounding pretensions. Director, cinematographer, and sound man pooled their talents, but there is a limit to the ways in which the drama of scattering, colliding, caroming, sinking-into-pockets or not-sinking-into-pockets balls can make the screen explode. By the time breaking takes on the look of cosmic cataclysm (a souped-up version of Laforgue's "*Un couchant des Cosmogonies*"), blue chalk scatters from cues in slow-motion close-up, and the soundtrack roars like an atomic holocaust, the film has shot its wad and ended up behind the eight-ball.

But Scorsese has other tricks in his bag. He will resort to circular pans around the handsome, grizzled head of Paul Newman (Eddie), showing it from every angle except from behind, where time's vandalizing hand has tonsured that noble cranium. It's rather like the renovated Statue of Liberty being shot from a circumvolant helicopter. Another ploy is a sudden cut, as doors fly open, to the Atlantic City pool emporium (a specially built set), made to look, and lighted, like Chartres cathedral; I kept searching for the rose window.

There are some artful but nonsensical plot reversals to keep the interest from flagging, but the two *scènes à faire* that the plot keeps lumbering toward never come about—for obvious reasons. One is the seduction of Carmen by Eddie, but that would make Eddie—beg pardon, Paul Newman—look bad, and we can't have that. The other is the showdown between Eddie and Vincent for *numero uno*. But if Eddie wins, we lose the youth audience; if Vincent wins, we alienate the adult moviegoers, not to mention the fans of Paul Newman, including the Number-One Fan himself. Bad box office, and quite inconceivable in a film that was written in confab by Price, Scorsese, and Newman.

Yet the greatest problem is the cheapness of the notion of redemption. I'm not sure whether the filmmakers think of pool as art or as religion, but one or the other it must be to justify the awe with which it is viewed. The idea that a man can save his soul by sinking these ivory balls, that these smoke-blackened, booze-washed pool parlors are the threshold of paradise, that this insalubrious pursuit (rather than some honest trade) is worth devoting one's life to, I find profoundly repellent. And it takes an anti-intellectual filmmaker like Scorsese to peddle it as a Faustian theme.

Newman is an old—well, middle-aged—pro at this sort of thing, and he plays it swashbucklingly to the hilt. But as the other of these unlikely brothers, carom his arse off as he may, Tom Cruise simply hasn't got it. The only substantial thing about him is a large pile of hair, like a big, black paperweight trying to keep this flibbertigibbet from flying off his cue: Cruise does not so much play a pipsqueak as be one. Too bad that Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, a good actress, is stuck with a character that goes nowhere. Carmen is not a woman torn between two men or two lifestyles, only a third musketeer tagging along on a two-musketeer job. Helen Shaver manages to infuse a little life into the clichéd Janelle, and Forest Whitaker stands out as a black hustler who takes Fast Eddie—but, of course, before Eddie gets his wonder-working spectacles.

BETTY BLUE, the latest piece of imbecility from Jean-Jacques Beineix, who gave us *Diva* and *The Moon in the Gutter* (the locus of all three of his films), begins with a medium shot of a couple having intercourse. This, as the camera inches its way closer, goes on for what seems like an unconscionable time (I speak cinematically, not physiologically), but we know that it is not pornography by the reproduction of the *Mona Lisa* above the bed, and that we are in the hands of an *auteur* rather than a mere *cinéaste* by the couple's lying not lengthwise (as

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in an exploitation flick) but across the bed (as in an art film). There's no doubt left when—after due moans, grunts, and shrieks—the lovers grow limp, and the hero announces in voice-over, "I met Betty a week ago. We have been f---ing ever since." At least, that's what he says in French.

Betty (Béatrice Dalle) and Zorg (Jean-Hugues Anglade) proceed through a series of ever more bizarre adventures in which abject idiocy alternates with unmotivated violence, except when the two are felicitously fused. For example, Zorg has written an autobiographical novel that covers countless notebooks and would seem to have a longer memory than *Remembrance of Things Past*. Betty, who types with two fingers and keeps tearing up her first page, types it up and sends it to all publishers, which should have taken her twenty years. When one publisher returns the ms. with a baroquely rude letter where a printed rejection slip would have sufficed, she seeks him out and clobbers him. When a restaurant customer she waits on annoys her, she stabs her with a fork. When she can't have a baby, she stabs out one of her eyes. Even though the obstreperous Zorg has been rightly ejected from the hospital, he manages to walk back in, strangle Betty, go home, and calmly sit down to his second novel. The truly weird thing, however, is that another publisher accepted the first.

Or is it? The novel on which *Betty Blue* is based (*37,2° le matin*, by Philippe Djian) was published, wasn't it? The film was a huge success in France, and may well prove so here. It is, after all, a big step forward from those nasty old sexist films that bared only the woman. Now both actors are nude much of the time, and the oral sex is more graphic than ever this side of hardcore. Except that who knows which side is *this* side any more?

Beineix discovered Mlle Dalle on a magazine cover, an institution that has long since replaced acting school. She does know how to pout, sulk, look sexy, and throw fits. She also looks terrific from top to toe, except for a mouth so protuberant that plates may have been embedded in its lips. The few, widely spaced teeth it seems to contain are large enough for a horse. Anglade is undistinguished, but well endowed. The visual equivalent of one of your better glossies, the film is beineixtatically stupid. □

TRAVEL

SALZBURG, HERE WE COME

Priscilla L. Buckley

At 7:10, when Buddy calls, it is light enough to see that the waters on the Fuschlsee, which fronts on our bungalow, are dark but still, not choppy as they were yesterday morning, the first of our three days on "Buddy Bombard's Great Balloon Adventures" in the Austrian Tyrol. It was too gusty yesterday to fly.

The winds are friendly when we set out in the chase van from the Hotel Schloss Fuschl—where the accommodations, food, and service are on a par with the lakeside setting—but the high meadows are still draped in mist, so we drive to a valley four or five miles away for take-off. Out from its sturdy navy canvas bag comes the balloon, which will carry Buddy Bombard and his six guests—my sister Jane and me, Stanley and Marlowe Jewell from Santa Barbara, California, and George and Marita Shreyer from Zurich—into the skies. While several of us hold wide the mouth of the balloon, two large gas-powered fans pump it full of air. It ripples and heaves and shakes itself free from the ground, stirs into life. The sturdy basket we will ride in is tilted up so that Buddy can direct the jets of propane gas into the balloon. As the air inside heats up, the balloon rises slowly, gracefully, humorously: Buddy's balloons are light blue, and ornamented with tulips and daffodils, butterflies and grasshoppers.

Ready for take-off. The chase crew—tall, blonde Lena from Denmark; tall, dark, bearded Angus from Scotland—steps back from the basket. Buddy rings a cowbell. A grandmother standing nearby, with a baby in a perambulator, waves. George yodels—a quite respectable yodel ("I've been practicing all year," he says)—and then he moos. Cows in a field already quite far below us respond. A bus on the highway sounds a melodious horn salute. And we're on our way. Valleys all around us: long swooping swatches of green, dark green where the cut hay lies drying, bright green where it is uncut. Other fields are freshly plowed and earthy brown. It is still misty. We pass a copse of trees. Two deer dart out and hightail it for cover across an open field; a third bursts out of a patch of vines and races off, trailing green tendrils from its antlers. A dozen horses look up, take fright, and gallop away across a long field, manes streaming, tails high, flanks glistening as the sun breaks through the mist, and now, for the joy of it, they turn and neigh and canter back.

Behind us a mountain meadow spills down from the wooded hills in the special radiance that late summer lends to green lawn and field. It is down this slope, Buddy tells us, that Julie Andrews ran, singing, "*The hills are alive with the sound of music*," in the opening sequence of the film. As we cross a small wood, Buddy lets the basket sink slowly, skillfully, into a tiny clearing, and we gather pine boughs from the surrounding trees. Up again, across another stretch of forest that conceals from all sides but above a tiny cottage, for all the world like the witch's gingerbread house in *Hansel and Gretel*.

We pass over a neat cluster of farm houses, the balconies spilling over with white, red, and purple hanging geraniums. There are flowers everywhere. In Austria, this last week in September, summer still holds court; the Virginia creeper shows only the tiniest hint of scarlet. A young mother pops out a dormer window, baby in arms, and waves to us. Everyone waves to everyone else. Jane finds herself waving vigorously at a cat's tail that is to-ing and fro-ing, so startling the cat that it streaks across the yard for the shelter of an open barn door, anything to get away from that screeching monstrosity in the air, our beautiful cerulean balloon, and possibly from that crazy lady.

We float over a tiny white-spired

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church on a hillside, and the wind deserts us. We lie becalmed above the church. Buddy whooshes the burners, taking us up eight hundred, a thousand feet, in search of wind. But today's wind is chancy, coquettish, elusive. Twenty minutes later we find a breeze at about a hundred feet, but it is blowing in a new direction, away from the Alpine lake and the village we had been heading for; we drift now toward Salzburg. That's ballooning. The only control the pilot has is up and down; direction is wind-dependent, and the wind at one level may be going in a different direction from the wind at a lower or higher altitude. The experienced pilot watches for signs of these changes—the smoke from a chimney, for instance, that shifts direction at a certain height.

Buddy points to a ridge ahead. "If we can get to that ridge," he says, "we could see Salzburg. I hope we can make it. It's a spectacular view."

We're moving briskly now and cross low over a tiny village. Kindergartners spill out into the front yard of their school. They shout and wave and laugh, that wonderful high-pitched squeal of delight of the super-excited small child. Buddy rings the cowbell. Jane blows her whistle. George yodels. We swoop ever lower over the school, and the children sweep through it and out the other side into the play-yard. But the wind won't let us tarry, so it's a fast wave to the village postman on his bicycle, to the town policeman in front of the town hall, and off toward Salzburg we sail.

We pass over the ridge, see the town, assure Buddy that it is indeed a spectacular view, and prepare for landing. The chase crew is in place, driving slowly along a road parallel to our course, ready to catch the rope that Buddy will throw out, and pull us in. "A good flight," says Buddy enthusiastically. But as we start to put down in the field he had picked out twenty minutes earlier, the wind shifts. The field now lies an unattainable thirty yards to our left, and we find ourselves heading down the main railroad tracks into Salzburg. Never again will any of us see that gorgeous city from such a vantage: the sprawling Hohensalzburg fortress on the peak, overshadowing the bronze domes, onion towers, and baroque façades of cathedrals, churches, and market squares, and the Salzach River dividing the old city from the new. It's all a little misty, to be sure, but stunning.

For the second time today, the quirky wind deserts us. We have caught a glimpse of Salzburg town and, try as we might, we cannot leave it. Up and down we go, like a yo-yo, seeking the capricious wind—any wind—that will blow us in any direction. But it is not there at two thousand feet, nor at a thousand, nor at a hundred. And while we have plenty of propane, it is a dissipating resource. We are on our own. Angus and Lena, in the chase van, are tangled in traffic somewhere below.

In the end, Buddy spots a tiny green oasis near the Mirabell Gardens on the right bank. "We're going down," he says, and we position ourselves for landing (we've all flown with Buddy before), with our backs to the padded center section, our knees bent, holding the looped-rope handholds in front of us tightly. We ease down through the top of a tree, caress the side of a small apartment building, then swing away from it over some telephone lines toward the improvised landing site. A rope is thrown out. Buddy and George Shreyer, who is German, call to passersby to grab it and pull, and with the help of our impromptu ground crew we touch down, safely, ever so gently, to cheers from the tourists leaning over the balustrades of the Mirabell Gardens.

The manager of the Sheraton hotel, which is fifty yards away, and his wife are at this moment having a late-morning coffee in their penthouse apartment. "Dear, do you see what I see?" asks the wife. "There's one of Buddy's balloons—and it's beneath us." Arrive on the scene a few minutes later a) the local constabulary, who would like an accounting from Buddy of how come we landed in Salzburg: Had he filed a flight plan? and b) a grey-flannel-suited angel of mercy, the manager of the Sheraton. He finds six chilled balloonists, all mighty glad to be on the ground and ready for any proffered tender loving care, which he proceeds to extend. After a few words with Buddy, the manager gathers us up, whisks us into the hotel, guides us to a quiet corner in the bar, directs us to the facilities, and orders us warming and potent drinks. When we are cleaned up in body and refreshed in spirit, he summons two taxis and sends us on our way to a delicious lunch at the Castle Gallanegg, which, wonderful as it is, pales in comparison with the graciousness of Elizabeth, our hostess.

This morning's call is at 7:30, for an 8:30 flight. The waters of the Fuschlsee are, as they were yesterday, still and dark in the shadow of the surrounding mountains. But when, an hour and a half later, we fly over the lake and over the great square keep of the Hotel Schloss Fuschl, which was a half-century old when Columbus sailed the ocean blue, the waters in the morning sun will be that opaque blue-green of the Alpine lake.

"The winds are just right," says Buddy, and our hearts do a light fandango in anticipation of another of Buddy Bombard's so aptly named Great Balloon Adventures. □

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THE GIMLET EYE

ON LOSING

D. Keith Mano

WELL, IT FINALLY happened, I've gone and gotten semi-famous. A feature piece on D. K. Mano himself in *Newsday*, another in the *NYT*, even some ABC network-news exposure. Was it, you ask, my provocative and brilliant fiction? Or all that gnomic, resonant social criticism? Or my agitprop about using colons just about everywhere? Wrong: wrong: and wrong. I'm semi-famous because, as of this moment, I've gone to 145 consecutive Columbia football games—and because Columbia has requited my love by losing the last 27 oh-so-consecutively (seven short of a national record, in fact). America loves the big winner. But, if you screw up with sufficient panache and bullheadedness, they'll cut a cast album of your misery, too.

Last game I didn't attend, legend has it, was Columbia-Brown 1970—when my younger son, Christopher, had the impertinence to be born around half time. Since that birthday Columbia has gone 25-115-5: the sort of record usually seen from a glass-bottomed boat. "There must be some special pleasure in losing," my *NYT* interviewer said. No, thank you, there is not. All this publicity might recommend Columbia to some young quarterback in Arkansas with charitable instincts—but, other than that, any loss is about as pleasureful as an engrossed hematoma. I dream about breaking Dartmouth's crock at Hanover (we haven't won there since 1946) or Princeton at Princeton (1945). But, through 1970-71, when my obsession began, we were 9-9 and favored for the title in 1972. Hell, I thought I was following a winner.

Columbia's football program is the perfect liberal emblem. Only a team of gay, Chicano, handicapped women would draw out compassion better. There are, mind you, real reasons why we don't compete well—Columbia is disadvantaged by a small student population, an overfastidious academic standard, New York City, and so forth—but still we should win now and then, by accident if nothing else. Truth is: losing has become companionable. Our kids, don't read me wrong, hate to get dismantled weekend after weekend. Nonetheless, it is clear that they're also afraid of winning. I've seen us stream from the locker room at half time ahead by 7 or 10 or even 17 and give off, like terrific B.O., a musky panic stench. My lord, they think, we could win. This is serious. And *I could foul up.* Inexorable collapse follows. As with the underprivileged ethnic group, extra and individual effort must be put out to rise. But there is more teamwork, if you will, on a losing team than a winner. When you get blown away 47-0, individual responsibility and blame are nicely obscured. Collective defeatism solaces. And no one has applied affirmative action to college football as yet.

All this delights the campus community. Columbia has never been comfortable with football. Football is brutal, rather militaristic, and crassly self-assertive. (It was prohibited from 1906 through 1914.) Even band members won't march in recognizable formation at half time, lest they be taken for Hitler Youth or something. I'm not saying that the atmosphere around Baker Field is conducive to defeat—I'm saying defeat is considered, if not audibly, a superior moral act. Did we lose to Harvard? Fine. That means we're more liberal than they are. And we have victim status as well. The Columbia ideal of a middle linebacker is Mohandas Gandhi.

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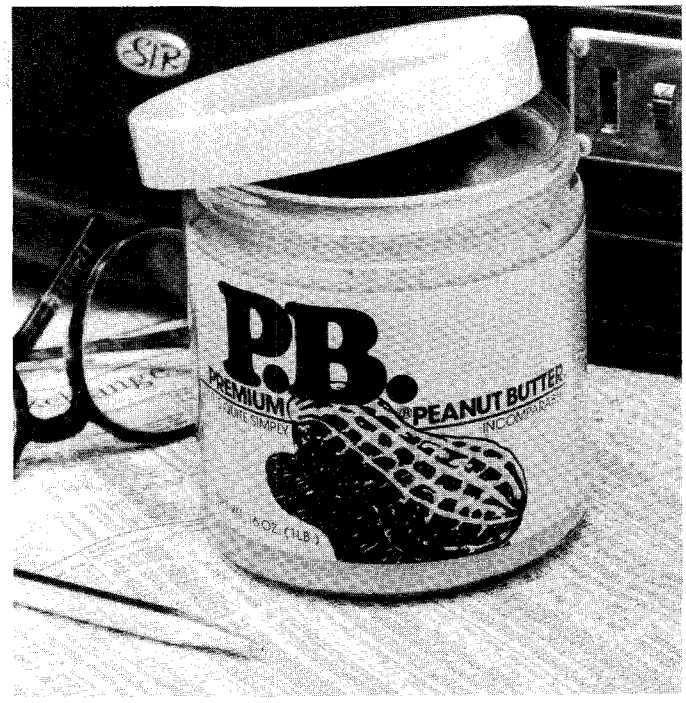

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You might figure then that Columbia would give compassionate support to its own physically challenged, below-minimum-wage, last-place, Saturday-afternoon victim group. You figure wrong. The three or four thousand who turn up at Baker Field are cynical, crotchety, and often plain insulting. They'd rather root for *Colombia.* And the ultimate loss is what they have in mind: they'd like Columbia to drop football altogether (we probably would have long ago had Lawrence Wein not put up cash for a new stadium). And the psychological cost to anyone playing football is stiff. Former coaches have told me they felt isolated and belittled at Columbia. This attitude will transmit in no time to a young athlete. And demoralization follows logically from that. Football people around Columbia are treated as the Italian air force would have been—that is: as just so many inept fascists.

Before each home game I host a populous tailgate. One of my regular and most cherished guests is John Leonard. John wrote a column on Columbia football and me for *Newsday.* "After our last loss last season, [Keith] was so angry he vowed to walk home to Central Park West down 150 mean Harlem streets, looking for a fight." True enough. My wife, fortunately, tackled me just south of 218th Street. "I, on the other hand," John wrote, "know how to lose with grace. That's because I'm a liberal. My first political hero was Adlai Stevenson . . ." And so on, delightfully.

Truth is, of course, that the Left—liberalism, socialism, Communism—has been a big 57-8 winner in this half-century. Blow-out after blow-out: Eastern Europe Bowl and China Bowl and Africa Bowl. No ideology, since the Christian, has spread with such permanence and verve. But liberals don't run over you, they juke around. They will never acknowledge their success: that would seem crass. Their technique—mental jujitsu—will be to claim failure, poverty, and weakness. In fact liberalism is the feminine aspect of our political debate. Liberals tend to sound like some ex-wife in a divorce settlement. And have we, the Right, stopped beating them yet, your honor? Male virtues—strong defense, aggressive self-reliance, good football—are depreciated. To the loser will belong a whole lot of alimony.

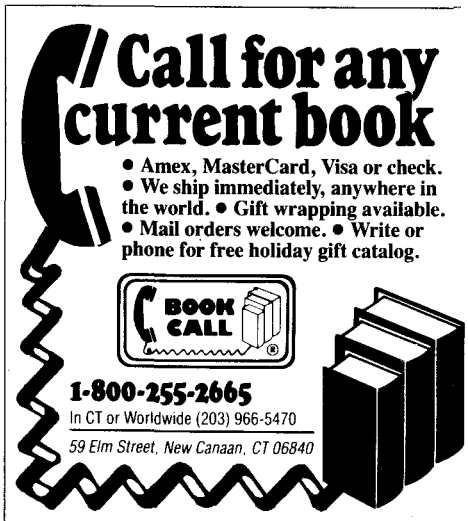
My friend John concludes with, "This fall, I'll root for Columbia again and if 'we' win, maybe there's a chance for Nicaragua." Oh, indeed. John knows, as well as anyone, that if Nicaragua suited up it could beat the bingo chips out of Notre Dame. But it wouldn't be proper—or politically astute—to admit that. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Making of a Moonie—Choice or Brainwashing? by Eileen Barker (Basil Blackwell, 306 pp., $19.95)

THE MEMBERS OF the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, now almost universally referred to as "Moonies," constitute a fascinating problem for outsiders—and perhaps above all for conservatives, because they are so unabashedly anti-Communist and pro-American. How do Moonies become Moonies? Do they join the church as an act of conscious will? Or are most of them just vulnerable youngsters, lured away from their families, cleverly brainwashed by such techniques as "love-bombing," and turned into glassy-eyed zombies? British sociologist Eileen Barker, dean of Undergraduate Studies at the London School of Economics and Political Science, set herself the task of finding out, at least as far as American, British, and European Moonies are concerned, and she spent nearly seven years at the job. She brought to it formidable scientific qualifications, interviewing in depth and/or issuing probing questionnaires to Moonies, ex-Moonies, "non-joiners," and control groups of uninvolved individuals from similar backgrounds, as well as parents, spouses, and friends of Moonies. She also attended numerous Moonie workshops and communal facilities (though it is important to note that personally she always found the attractions of the movement "eminently resistible"). As a result, her report—first published in Britain two years ago and now available here—is one of the most interesting and authoritative studies of the Unification movement that has ever appeared in print. The book does not purport to be a comprehensive analysis of the Unification Church: It tells only enough about the history and theology of the movement to make Professor Barker's study of Moonie motivations comprehensible, and scarcely touches at all upon such important questions as where the money comes from. But it is likely long to remain the most objective and comprehensive study of what makes a person become a Moonie, and this lends great weight to Professor Barker's conclusion: "I have not been persuaded that they are brainwashed zombies."

WILLIAM A. RUSHER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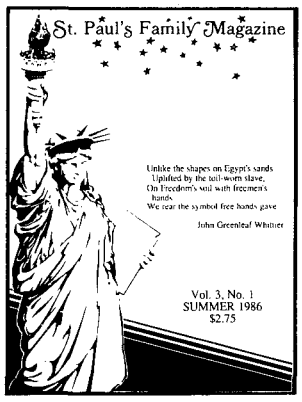
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TERRORISM PAYS

NEW YORK, NOV. 12

WHAT a mess.

One worries about many things, foremost among them the credibility of the President of the United States. When a month ago we all learned that a little disinformation had been beamed into Libya, and that this had been picked up and innocently relayed back to the United States, resulting in false information moving from the government of A to the government of B back to the people of A, one could tighten one's belt and say, Well, in an age of instant global communications these things happen. But what has just now happened is that the U.S. Government at the top level—the office of the President—has been caught up in flat deception. Ugly stuff, the more so as the story unfolds.

We begin with the reiteration, last May, of official U.S. policy: ". . . The United States Government will make no concessions to terrorists. It will not pay ransoms, release prisoners, change its policies, or agree to other acts that might encourage additional terrorism."

We now learn that even while that statement was being made, the National Security Council had made a secret arrangement with the government of Israel. This called for the delivery of arms, no less, to Iran.

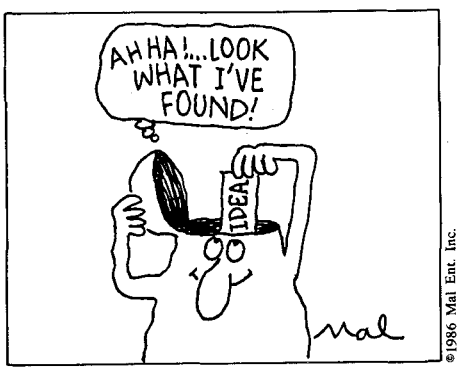
Now, the preliminary justification for doing this was the argument that the United States ought to get in there and pitch for support by the successor-government to Khomeini's. The argument for ingratiating ourselves with the future governors of Iran is certainly a sound one: After all, we managed to become close friends with the successor-governments to Hitler's and Tojo's. But the arms deal in question was approved by Khomeini himself, so that to the extent we were being plausible it was something like getting Hitler's approval of a deal with the July 20 plotters to kill Hitler.

What then were we up to, sending arms to Iran? This is the moment when official Washington clears its throat. Well, we were also—just coincidentally—involved in trying to get Iran's help in repatriating our five hostages, who were being held by an Iran-oriented terrorist group.

To help us out on this dissimulation, we got from Shimon Peres, who was prime minister when the arms were shipped from Israel, a marvelously fatuous couple of paragraphs about compassion and loyalty. "Israel, when it comes to saving the life of any individual, whether an Israeli or American, considers it part of a democratic way of life to respect human life and human freedom . . . While not submitting to terror, one should never ignore the value or the safety of a single person no matter what his citizenship may be . . ." Uh huh. With one conspicuous exception, Israel has been the world's leader in the No Concessions policy to terrorists, and it has paid huge dividends. Trifle with an Israeli, and you are most likely to become a late terrorist. But this time around, in addition to helping the U.S. cover, the Israeli homily distracts attention from the fact that Israel made a profit from the arms deal, and that the arms sent up to Iran were replaced by more modern equipment: not bad.

Meanwhile we learn that the State Department and the Defense Department were infuriated by this subversion of U.S. policy on dealing with terrorists. Even so, one official of the State Department slipped into the general discussion the observation that, for a year and a half, Iran has gone easy in the terrorist business. From which it is hard to know what exactly to conclude, unless it is that we should send arms to Libya, Syria, and the PLO, on the grounds that we have discovered a wonderful formula for eliminating terrorism. Down the line it might be argued that the very best way of eliminating terrorism from the Mideast is to ship to the terrorists the state of Israel.

In defense of Mr. Reagan, it is only fair to acknowledge that it is not easy, in the same room with the wife of a hostage, to adhere to the transcendent position: We do not bargain with terrorists. But no one ever said it was easy to be the President, and what we now have is a country that wonders whether it is safe to rely on the word of its government. And, of course, we have in Europe governments openly scornful of American credibility. Mr. Reagan will now find it as tough to ask Europe for sanctions against terrorist governments as he found it tough to ask for sanctions against the Soviet Union after ending the grain embargo. Meanwhile, we have got three hostages back, and endangered the lives and liberty of who knows how many more Americans, at the hands of terrorists who have learned that terrorism pays. □



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IRAN: POST-MORTEM

NEW YORK, NOV. 19

HERE IS the gradually crystallizing consensus on the Iranian matter.

—There is a question as to the legality of the enterprise. The relevant laws (the Arms-Export Control Act of 1976, the Export Administration Act of 1979, the Omnibus Diplomatic Security and Anti-Terrorism Act of 1986) are subject to ambiguous reading, but Operation Iran greatly strains the clear intent of Congress.

—The overriding purpose of Operation Iran was to encourage the "moderates" within the country. Hashemi Rafsanjani was the point man in the secret dealings with presidential advisor Robert McFarlane, and in the past few days Rafsanjani has bitterly denounced the U.S., having before that leaked the entire affair in a speech to parliament full of distortions. On the other hand, McFarlane said on TV, in answer to a question, that everyone he had talked to in Teheran was now in danger of being hanged. Perhaps Rafsanjani's denunciations are to distract the hangman. Either way, we have scarcely encouraged the moderates.

—Nor, if Secretary Shultz is to be believed, have we discouraged Iran from terrorist activity. Shultz said on TV that Iran is going at it as before.

—We did get back three hostages. But then if Iran wants to stock up on its hostage supply, all it has to do is to get one of its gangs in Lebanon to whisk away three more Americans. We could retaliate

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with an air strike against Iran, but we'd have to dodge anti-aircraft missiles we delivered to Iran a few months ago.

—Our allies are spitting mad. A part of this is hypocrisy, because, with the exception of Great Britain, our allies have not behaved endearingly in the war against terrorism. But there is no question that the anti-terrorist crusade is now in shambles.

—The moderate Arab states are dumbfounded by what we did. Kuwait, the Emirates, and Saudi Arabia don't particularly like Iraq's Saddam Hussein, but they greatly dislike and fear Iran. A victory by Iran over Iraq could mean satellization of the Gulf of Persia by Iran, and aggression against the moderate states. They cannot understand the United States' sending arms to Iran, even though the quantity (one hundred tons) is not deemed critical to the outcome of the war.

—Mr. McFarlane and Mr. Regan and Mr. Shultz and Mr. Casey have all said things, or not said things, the effect of which is to convey a sense of anarchy in the White House that severely undermines the prestige of the President.

—In short, Operation Iran was unsuccessful. It was called, by Senator Goldwater, "a dreadful mistake, probably one of the major mistakes the United States has ever made in foreign policy." And, by Senator Moynihan, "the worst handling of an intelligence problem in our history."

Having reached these conclusions, we are entitled to ask: Is there a role for covert operations? In answer to that question, a few years ago, George Kennan gave a lucid, if fatalistic, answer. He said: If a covert operation stands any chance of being blown, then it should not be undertaken: and all covert operations nowadays run that risk. Therefore? Well therefore, if Mr. Kennan's rule is to be observed, we should put an end to all covert operations.

BUT THIS is the counsel of despair. We live in a world in which secrecy is quite simply essential to the execution of important missions. Moreover, secrecy is not impossible. While National Security Advisor, Henry Kissinger managed about twenty secret meetings in Paris to haggle with the North Vietnamese negotiator. Not one of these meetings, though the logistics were infinitely complicated, was penetrated.

But the kind of polish shown by the Kissinger operations (in Paris, and, before that, in Pakistan negotiating with Communist China) presupposes congressional cooperation. The various war-powers acts, together with the intensive congressional supervision of the CIA that followed the Rockefeller hearings of 1975, have subverted the capacity of the President to bring off covert operations. Granted that the idea behind Operation Iran was underbaked, there would not have been much harm done if no one knew about it. Whether this could have been possible given the need for Iranian cooperation, one can't tell. But we have an object lesson here that ought to extend beyond merely the criticism of the *apparatchiki* within the White House. It is quite simply this: You cannot hope to conduct an extensive covert operation without relying on senior skills, and under the law this is increasingly difficult. □

PRESIDENTIAL PRESS CONFERENCE

NEW YORK, NOV. 24

TWICE IN this space I have written that I thought the whole Iranian business was a lousy idea. But enough is enough. The *Washington Post* did a terribly bright thing the morning of the President's press conference—the editor collected questions from big names, the questions they would ask the President if they were at the press conference. The idea was to round up the toughest questions possible. Herewith a sampling, with what might have been appropriate answers by Mr. Reagan.

Q (from Walter Mondale): Do you really believe that there are moderate elements within the Iranian government? And if there are, can there be any doubt that our association with them will diminish their influence, if not eliminate their presence in the political structure of Iran?

A: You never know. Everybody from *Time* magazine to Margaret Thatcher gave the impression that Gorbachev was a moderate. Come to think of it, many people thought Andropov would be a moderate. The question really boils down to this: Ought the U.S. to have a hand in influencing the direction of post-Khomeini Iran? We know the Soviet Union is trying to influence the future there. So should we.

Q (John Steinbruner, Brookings Institution): What provision have you made in your dealings with Iran to ensure that no more hostages will be taken?

A: Iran hasn't taken any hostages since the U.S. Embassy episode. Hostages have been taken by fanatical pro-Iranian groups in Lebanon. There isn't any way to guarantee there won't be more American hostages taken in Lebanon except to keep all Americans from going to Lebanon, and we don't have the power to do this.

Q (Norman Ornstein, political scientist): Among all of the issues and problems your Administration faces in defining the national interest, in what order of priority would you rank the freedom of the hostages?

A: Freeing American hostages is not strictly speaking a "national interest," except to the extent that we are viewed as impotent if we cannot protect our citizens. My Administration will always attempt to help Americans illegally detained, and to punish those who detain them. But in terms of national interest, they are in a class with prisoners-of-war.

Q (John C. West, former governor of South Carolina and Ambassador to Saudi Arabia): What effect did the United States' providing some military equipment have on the behavior of the Iranian government?

A: None that we now know of. I couldn't tell you what have been the beneficial effects of cultural-exchange treaties with the Soviet Union executed thirty years ago. The idea is to try energetically to plant seeds—and then hope.

Q (Michael Kantor, L.A. attorney and Democratic activist): You said this trade was to help start a dialogue with moderate political factions in Iran. How does giving weapons to the Khomeini establishment help this?

A: Can't answer that. Who understands the Ayatollah? The French, who nursed him before he came to power? The politicians who backed him, and got executed by him? The Carter Administration, which helped drive the Shah out of Iran? The only thing absolutely predictable about the Ayatollah is that one day he will no longer be with us. At that point, U.S. initiatives may have left a mark.

Q (John Brademas, president of New York University and former Democratic congressman): In light of the fiasco of Iran, the swap of a Soviet spy for an American journalist, the failure of Reykjavik to move toward effective arms control, the skirting of U.S. laws by sending an American arms-supply plane to Nicaragua, and the clumsy disinformation campaign against Libya, what changes do you plan to restore competence and credibility to the conduct of U.S. foreign policy?

A: Well, John, you were the Democratic majority whip when that whole mess in Iran happened. The Administration you served swapped a couple of Soviet spies for appropriate favors in 1979, after an interval of a few months. On Reykjavik, our position is that when the Communists meet with us and we fail to arrive at an agreement, that's the fault of the Communists, not of the United States. The disinformation campaign on Libya was clumsy, I agree: And I'm going to ask Congress to go back and have another look at that rash of post-Watergate, post-CIA-Rockefeller-hearings legislation to examine whether a Commander-in-Chief can effectively operate under restrictions whose constitutionality is in fact problematic. As to credibility, well, John, you were defeated for re-election, an experience I've never had. Any tips you want to give me about how to avoid your fate would be welcome.

Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen. God bless you. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Vietnamese seaport—where Kurds might vacation?
177 55 126

B. Aptly named metropolis near Portland (2 words)
96 128 25 33 69 113 80 7 171 150

C. There are fifty of these (2 words)
160 83 40 135 29 151 4 95 60 164
111 15

D. Reagan's mythical town sought by the press (2 words)
176 13 136 64 115 38 70 48 162 5
131 124 146 86

E. Area of west central Italy
99 10 52 169 107 153 22

F. Western New York port city
26 67 88 134 144 78

G. Mideast locale (2 words)
138 98 61 155 65 74 174 56 87 11

H. "The Mamas and the Papas" hit (2 words)
68 112 44 167 127 35 24 158 178 119
85 137 3 51 101 12 143

I. North Carolina town known for its switches?
165 47 104 37 132 73 17

J. Er ___: Moroccan locale
168 116 27 91

K. West Virginia town known for its tentmakers?
105 120 57 92

L. Southwestern Mississippi port city
161 49 147 77 20 93 173

M. County in northwestern Scotland (2 words)
121 71 6 166 82 108 157 58 140 18
39 170 30 94

N. Tennessee city known for its trains?
36 110 139 46 9 62 79 152 159 97
23

O. Norwegian island group
54 154 28 102 19 130 175

P. Noted Paris sight (2 words)
163 45 118 59 84 34 1 142 106 21
125

Q. Midwestern state
100 148 75 43

R. Pic de Nethou is their highest peak
42 123 156 149 14 81 129 63

S. Noted New York City locale (2 words)
8 141 50 172 117 31 76 122 89 41
109

T. Jutland breakfast fare? (2 words)
114 145 32 66 90 2 179 16 103 72
133 53

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 P	2 T	3 H		4 C	5 D	6 M	7 B	8 S	9 N		10 E	11 G	12 H	13 D	14 R
	15 C	16 T	17 I	18 M		19 O	20 L	21 P	22 E		23 N	24 H	25 B		26 F
27 J	28 O	29 C	30 M	31 S	32 T	33 B		34 P	35 H	36 N	37 I	38 D	39 M	40 C	41 S
	42 R	43 Q	44 H	45 P	46 N	47 I	48 D	49 L	50 S		51 H	52 E	53 T	54 O	55 A
56 G		57 K	58 M		59 P	60 C	61 G		62 N	63 R		64 D	65 G	66 T	67 F
	68 H	69 B	70 D	71 M	72 T	73 I	74 G		75 Q	76 S		77 L	78 F	79 N	80 B
81 R	82 M	83 C	84 P	85 H		86 D	87 G		88 F	89 S	90 T		91 J	92 K	93 L
94 M		95 C	96 B		97 N	98 G		99 E	100Q		101H	102O	103T	104I	105K
106P		107E	108M	109S		110N	111C		112H	113B	114T		115D	116J	117S
	118P	119H	120K	121M	122S	123R		124D	125P	126A		127H	128B	129R	130O
	131D	132I		133T	134F	135C	136D	137H	138G		139N	140M		141S	142P
143H	144F		145T	146D		147L	148Q	149R	150B		151C	152N		153E	154O
155G		156R	157M	158H	159N	160C	161L	162D	163P		164C	165I	166M	167H	168J
	169E	170M	171B	172S	173L	174G	175O	176D	177A	178H	179T				

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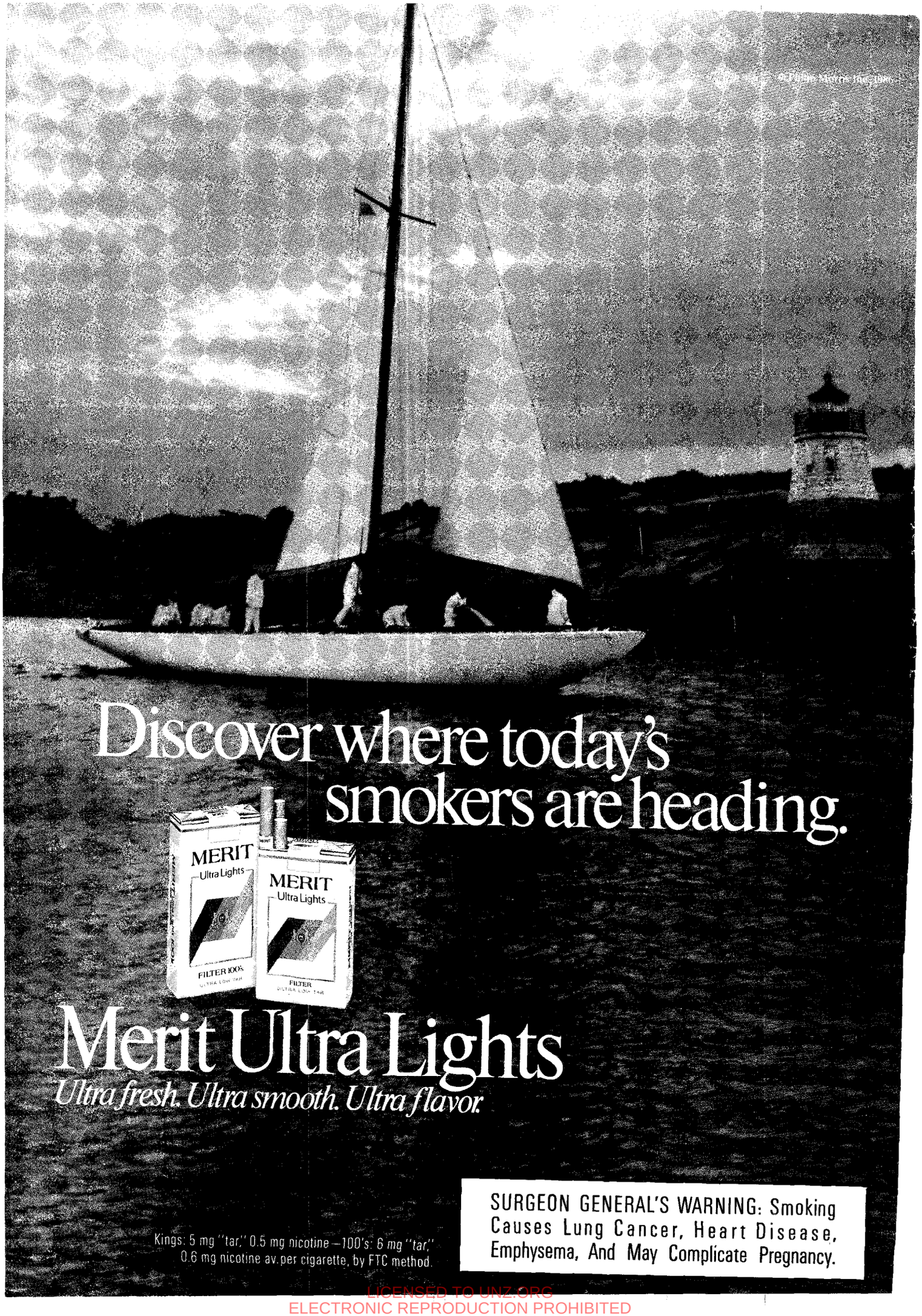
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